A NARRATIVE OF TRANSACTIONS RELATIVE TO A SERMON,

4478. h. 9.

PREACHED IN THE

Parish Church of *Brighton*, August 18, 1793:

WITH

Short EXTRACTS from the SERMON;

AND

OCCASIONAL REMARKS.

By VICESIMUS KNOX, D.D.
MASTER OF TUNBRIDGE SCHOOL, AND LATE FELLOW OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, OXFORD.

" ——— Stirpem et genus omne futurum
" Exercete odiis: ———
" ——— Nullus amor populis, nec fœdera sunto:
" Littora littoribus contraria, fluctibus undas,
" Imprecor, arma armis, pugnent IPSIQUE NEPOTESQUE!!!"
Heros Brightonius.

The THIRD EDITION, Corrected.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR C. DILLY, IN THE POULTRY.
1794.


BRITISH MUSEUM

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE introductory Paper *prefixed* to the former Editions, and entitled PROLEGOMENA, is now placed *immediately before the Appendix*. The ſituation of it is of little conſequence. It is removed thither becauſe I was of opinion that too prolix an Introduction to a ſmall Treatiſe might have the ill effect of *diſproportion*. In the preſent inſtance, it might be ſaid to reſemble a long avenue and a large portico to a COTTAGE.

ΜΗΝΙΝ ΑΕΙΔΕ ΘΕΑ.

Brightoniadis Poemat. heroici, lib. CCIↃↃ.

AT quid ſi hi *glorioſi milites (Alexandri et Cæſares,* id eſt) perpetuo victores fuerint? Fuerint ſanè. NIHIL MUTO DE SENTENTIA MEA. Quo enim bello PRINCIPUM GLORIA, non imperii POPULIQUE SALUS fuit propoſita, quo bello florens *reſpublica* aut *libera civitas* ab iis, quos nullis laceſſivit injuriis, fuit EXTERMINANDA, id INIQUISSIMUM duco et SCELERATISSIME ſuſceptum.

Quid eſt enim, ſi hoc non eſt SCELUS? Atque adeo nunc quum in animo cogito, quæ res geſtæ ſunt in *omnibus Europæ regionibus*, quum animo contemplor tot munitas et *expugnatas urbes*, tot *incendia* et *vaſtationes*, tot pugnas et *rapinas*, TOT DENIQUE MILLIA HOMINUM CÆSA quotannis; ſine ullâ dubitatione, ſic STATUO.

Qui primus invenit, quo artificio fingatur *olla fictilis*, aut texatur *qualus vimineus*, eum multo meliùs meruiſſe de omnibus gentibus, quam OMNES DUCES *(niſi qui pro patriâ pugnaverint, quales ſunt noſtri; et quos id propterea libentèr ſecerno)* quàm omnes, inquam, DUCES, IMPERATORES, VICTORES, QUI NUNC SUNT, QUIQUE FUERUNT.

Porrò autem mecum reputanti, QUID VOX VENERANDA, QUID LEX COELESTIS DOMINI NOSTRI JESU CHRISTI, PRÆCEPERIT, ſanè mihi videntur hi BELLICOSISSIMI HEROES, terrarumque Domini NIHIL DILEXISSE PRÆTER SEIPSOS, omnia METUISSE præter DEUM.

KINGII *Orat. in Theatro Sheldon.*

IN MAGNIS VOLUISSE SAT EST. *Thraſo Britannicus;*

JURA NEGET SIBI NATA, nihil non ARROGET *armis.*

Cuſtos Rotulorum.

&c. &c. &c.

&c. &c. &c.

&c. &c. &c.

PREFACE.

——— One MURDER makes a VILLAIN;
MILLIONS a HERO. *Princes* are privileged
To kill; and numbers ſanctify the crime.
Ah! why will KINGS forget that they are MEN,
And MEN that they are BRETHREN?———
ARTIFICERS OF DEATH!!!
——————— BLAST the deſign,
Great God of Hoſts; nor let thy creatures fall,
Unpitied victims at Ambition's ſhrine!
Dr. PORTEUS, Biſhop of London.

Sunt lachrymæ rerum et mentem mortalia tangunt. VIRG.

AT the ordination of every Prieſt, the following queſtion is put to him, in the moſt ſolemn manner, by the BISHOP:

"*Will you maintain and ſet forwards, as much*
"*as lieth in you,* QUIETNESS, PEACE, AND
"LOVE AMONG ALL CHRISTIAN PEOPLE,
"*and ſpecially among them that are, or ſhall*
"*be, committed to your charge?*"

To which the following is the anſwer:
"I WILL DO SO, *the Lord being my helper.*"

I conceive it then to be the duty of every clergyman, bound by this promiſe, to preach PEACE ON EARTH and GOOD-WILL TOWARDS MEN, as well in a time of war as at any other time; as well to a congregation of Chriſtian people in the military profeſſion, as to a congregation of Chriſtian people in any other profeſſion.

In the intereſt of no party, the advocate of humanity *, the friend of man, a lawfully ordained miniſter of Jeſus Chriſt, I have on all occaſions endeavoured to fulfil this ſolemn engagement, made at the time of ordination; and particularly in the laſt Autumn, when a

* The following ſpecimens of HEATHEN ſedition, which I adopt, are pretty ſafe from any aſſociation of informers, being, to *moſt* of *them*, in an unknown tongue:

"Homo ſum; humani nihil a me alienum puto."
TER.

"——— Quis enim bonus, aut face dignus
"Arcanâ, qualem Cereris vult eſſe ſacerdos,
"Ulla aliena ſibi credat mala? Separat hoc nos
"A grege brutorum." JUV.

"——— Molliſſima corda
"Humano generi dare ſe natura fatetur,
"Quæ *lachrymas* dedit, hæc noſtri *pars optima* ſenſûs."
JUV.

large

large and mixed congregation, at a place of public reſort, was, on the morning of a Sunday in Auguſt, committed by the vicar to my charge.

The conſequences of this endeavour are already known to many; but are circumſtantially related in the following Narrative. I have long poſtponed, and now publiſh it with reluctance. The perſonal inſult, unjuſtifiable as it was, ſhould have been overlooked with *ſovereign contempt*, as it deſerved, if it had not been followed up by menaces and miſrepreſentation. A newſpaper which is ſuppoſed to inſert paragraphs under the ſanction, or with the connivance, of *high authority*, expreſſed a hope that I ſhould be told of my improper ſermon "by my *dioceſan*, *in a way* that would "make me an *example* to other PULPIT PO-"LITICIANS." Whether the example was to operate on courtly preachers of *faſt ſermons*, in favour of *war* and ILL-WILL TO MEN, I know not. Another paper informed the Public, that I was ſeeking ſafety by flight to America; but that I ſhould probably be ſtopt in my courſe by the Attorney-General. Other prints, in the ſame ſervice, generouſly undertook the taſk of throwing dirt upon an indi-

 vidual,

vidual, in the hope that, where much was thrown, ſome might ſtick; and that the *little irregularity* of the officers in deſiring me "*to* "*leave the Theatre*," for ſo it is candidly expreſſed in a newſpaper now before me, might be abſorbed in the atrocity of my ſermon. Private letters and converſation were equally kind to my *anonymous* aſſailants, and bitter againſt ME, whom they mentioned by *name*.

I therefore at firſt drew up the minutes of the whole tranſaction, for the information of my family,—a part of whom were involved in the affront intended for me alone. A time might come (after I ſhould be gone to a juſter Tribunal than the military one at the Theatre) when my younger children might aſk what I had done to cauſe the men of violence to riſe up againſt me, to excite the hope of *true Britons* that I ſhould be puniſhed by my dioceſan, to urge me to meditate a retreat to America, and to occaſion the projected voyage to be prevented by the interference of the Attorney-General. This *memorial* would have gratified their curioſity, and, I hope, removed their anxiety. I had preſerved a record for their ſatisfaction; and I ſat down, in the midſt of the arrows that were thrown from unſeen

unſeen hands, perfectly contented. I had a MURUS AHENEUS to ſhelter me.

But my ſilence, which aroſe partly from contempt, and partly from a love of eaſe and peace, was miſinterpreted. It was ſuppoſed, by the malignant, to imply a conſciouſneſs of having deſerved the ill-treatment I had received. It was attributed to timidity. It was ſaid to be the effect of a bribe. It was matter of aſtoniſhment to my friends, and exultation to my adverſaries. The opportunity was ſeized for the diſſemination of calumny. Malice, unmoleſted, ſtalked over the field in triumph. I was told, that the independent part of the Public expected an account authenticated by me; as they had been hitherto perplexed by recitals, apparently defective and clearly contradictory. I therefore determined to reviſe my notes; and I now preſent them to the Public, merely as the *record of a military outrage*, rendered important by their notice of it, by its miſchievous tendency, and by its ſingularity.

Many years have I been in the habit of addreſſing my countrymen on the pleaſant ſubjects

ſubjects of taſte and literature; and they have liſtened to me with a degree of favour, which is the more entitled to my gratitude, in proportion as it has been too little deſerved. My whole life has been devoted to the cultivation of letters; and the fruits, ſuch as they were, have been conſecrated to the public ſervice. There are living witneſſes to prove that my efforts originated in no *ſordid motive*. I ſought no gain, but the eſteem of the Public. In this object I have not been entirely unſucceſsful, if I may judge from the long-continued and widely-diffuſed circulation of my imperfect endeavours. I now at laſt, and for the firſt time, come before my fellow-citizens, in a cauſe in which I am *perſonally* concerned. I come not as a ſtranger to them. They have known me long, and they will indulge me with an impartial hearing, if it were only for my paſt honeſt, though feeble efforts in their ſervice. I wiſh I were now to bring before them topics of general literature, or morals, or religion; ſuch as have no connection with politics, or the bitterneſs of party ſpirit; but, in the wonderful viciſſitudes of human affairs, it is my lot to appear as a culprit, accuſed by

public

public report * of *ſedition.* At the very ſound of the charge, enemies unſeen, unknown, unprovoked, are ready to overwhelm me, if they dared, unheard, unprotected, undefended. Pains are taken to exaſperate great and powerful bodies, even Government itſelf, againſt me. To whom can I have recourſe but to the generous Public, againſt public miſrepreſentation? I am *compelled* to appeal to the people; becauſe to them the miſrepreſentation has been made in daily newſpapers. I appeal with confidence, ſupported by truth, a good cauſe, and a clear conſcience.

In ſpeaking of tranſactions in which I was principally concerned,

Et quorum pars magna fui,

I muſt of neceſſity ſpeak in the *firſt perſon*, oftener than I approve; but egotiſm ceaſes to be a fault when it is unavoidable.

That I have always written freely, thoſe who have done me the honour to read what I have written, will allow; and that I have

* It is the obſervation of an antient, that to credit *common report* is itſelf a ſpecies of calumny. CALUMNIÆ GENUS EST RUMORI CREDERE.

recommended earneſtly, peace, order *, ſubordination, liberty, and loyalty, they cannot deny.

To write and ſpeak freely is the duty of every clergyman. His office demands and juſtifies it. It requires no apology, but deſerves praiſe. That VERITAS ODIUM PARIT, or *truth makes a diſcourſe* OFFENSIVE, is an old obſervation; but they who, regardleſs of their intereſt, voluntarily incur the odium which ariſes from doing their duty, are not culpable. A preacher ought to maintain the *freedom and dignity of the pulpit*, no leſs tenaciouſly than military men contend for the honour of arms. "*Pray for me*, "ſays St. Paul, *that utterance may be given* "*unto me, that I may open my mouth boldly*, "*to make known the myſteries of the goſpel*, "*and that therein I may ſpeak boldly, as* "I OUGHT TO SPEAK."

At Brighton church I did my duty, to the beſt of my power, with that boldneſs which the apoſtle approves, and which a good cauſe inſpired. I retract not. I do not apologize. I rather thank God who gave me his grace to do my duty as I did; and I wiſh I had been

* See "Liberal Education," the laſt ſection, or *Concluſion*.

been enabled to have done it more effectually. The ſword ſhould then have returned to its ſcabbard, there to ruſt; no longer a brilliant ornament, but an ugly incumbrance, viewed with horror. *They ſhould no more hurt nor deſtroy in all the holy mountain.* Every man ſhould *enjoy* the being God gave him; nor loſe it, except for MURDER, until he who gave, ſhould take it away. The fierceſt beaſt of the foreſt, that prowls for prey, does not ſhed the blood of its own kind. Serpents bite not ſerpents. Lions kill not lions. The tiger preſerves perpetual peace with the tiger. Bears live in concord with bears. But MAN puts the IRON, given him for the purpoſes of agriculture and mechanics, on the ANVIL, and manufactures it into a SWORD, and DECORATES AS A TOY, an inſtrument purpoſely deſigned for the deſtruction of his fellow MAN, and of no other uſe *.

In

* ——" Serpentum major concordia; parcit
" Cognatis maculis ſimilis fera; quando leoni
" Fortior eripuit vitam leo? quo nemore unquam
" Expiravit aper majoris dentibus apri?
" Indica tigris agit rabidâ cum tigride PACEM
" PERPETUAM: ſævis inter ſe convenit urſis.

In the Proverbs of Solomon we read, that "THE FEAR OF MAN BRINGETH A SNARE:" a ſnare, which may entangle a man in time-ſerving, in adulation, in the cowardly concealment of neceſſary truth, through a dread of impeding or retarding his own preferment,

"Aſt HOMINI FERRUM LETHALE incude nefandâ
"Produxiſſe parum eſt." JUV. SAT. 15. Verſ. 159.

Thus far a POOR HEATHEN; let a Chriſtian preacher teach the ſame doctrine, and it becomes *wicked and ſeditious*, and renders him worthy of Botany Bay.

Horace is as wicked as Juvenal. I doubt whether both would not have been ſeditious enough to have refuſed to pray for ſucceſs to fleets and armies, in the uſual terms of *obſolete forms of prayer*, ſuch as were uſed by our forefathers. Hear Horace.

"Quo quo, SCELESTI, ruitis? aut cur dexteris
"Aptantur enſes conditi?
"Neque hic LUPIS mos, neque fuit Leonibus
"Unquam niſi in DISPAR genus." HOR.

More Heathen treaſon: "*Nulla tam deteſtabilis peſtis*
"*eſt, quæ non homini ab homine naſcatur.*" CIC.

"Cætera animantia in *ſuo* genere *probè* degunt; *congre-*
"*gari* videmus, et *ſtare* contra *diſſimilia*; leonum feritas
"inter ſe non dimicat. Serpentum morſus non petit
"Serpentes, nec *maris* quidem belluæ niſi in diverſa
"genera ſæviunt. AT HERCULÈ HOMINI PLURIMA EX
"HOMINE SUNT MALA." PLINIUS. PROÆM. Lib. vii.

HOMO HOMINI LUPUS.

How the CHRISTIANS *make the* HEATHENS *bluſh!*

or diſturbing his own eaſe. I did not fall into this ſnare. In the cauſe of God, and of my fellow-creatures, I feared no man. Such a cauſe is a better breaſt-plate than triple braſs; a more impregnable fortification than a *Vauban* or a *Lenox* ever invented.

What I ſaid on war, was as applicable to the French, the Auſtrians, the Ruſſians, the Pruſſians; to the Indians that SCALP, and to the Cannibals that EAT their enemies, as to any other people in the univerſe. Oh wretched degradation of human nature! In civilized and Chriſtian countries, it is found neceſſary to hide the UGLINESS OF WAR, (which goes naked among ſavages,) by pomp, finery, and GLORY. Ignorance is thus deluded. A great part of mankind are ſtill GROSSLY ignorant, think little, and are faſcinated with glitter. But ſilence the noiſe, and take off the tinſel and trapping, and the faſcination is over. Diveſt Bellona's ſword of its *pretty ſword-knot* and its carved and gilt handle, and you blunt its edge. Change even certain *names*, and obſerve the effect. For war, read havoc; for conqueſt, read murder and devaſtation. Voltaire puts theſe words into the mouths of the

Quakers: "Our God, who has commanded "us to love our enemies, and to ſuffer with- "out repining, would certainly not permit us "to croſs the ſeas, merely becauſe murderers "clothed in ſcarlet, and wearing caps two "feet high, enliſt citizens by a noiſe made "with two little ſticks on a bit of dried "aſſes ſkin. And when, after a victory is "gained, the whole City of London is illu- "minated; when the ſky is in a blaze with "fire-works, and a noiſe is heard in the air "of thankſgivings, of bells, of organs, and "of cannon, we groan in ſilence, and are "deeply affected with ſadneſs of ſpirit, for the "ſad havoc which is the occaſion of theſe pub- "lic rejoicings." Now the Quakers are a plain people in their dreſs, but very *ſhrewd*; they are not caught by GLITTER, as larks by looking-glaſſes.

There are beings with two legs and *un-feathered*, (but not in Chriſtian countries,) who appear as if they would care not, provided they could retain their titles and ſinecures, if the whole human race had but one neck, and lay under the axe of the Guillotine. How happy we, who are bleſſed with the *Chriſ-*

tian

tian religion, and prove our SINCERITY as Chriſtians, by never entering on any wars, but when forced by *actual aggreſſion*. *Defenſive war* is certainly exempt from all the cenſure which falls on war wantonly and cruelly undertaken from pride and ambition. I always thought the *militia*, whoſe only buſineſs is defence, a moſt excellent inſtitution, and its officers, in general, men of true patriotiſm. May I take the liberty of quoting what I ſaid of them many years ago, in *Eſſays moral and literary?*

" I cannot cloſe this ſubject without ap-
" plauding thoſe generous and liberal men,
" who, when their country was threatened
" with an INVASION, forſook all the comforts
" of their homes, and without previous habits
" to enure them, ſubmitted with alacrity to
" the inconveniences of a camp, and the un-
" ſettled life of a ſoldier. Their judicious
" and patriotic ardour evinces that they wear
" a ſword for their COUNTRY'S GOOD *."

I ſhall beg permiſſion to tranſcribe another paſſage, which has alſo been written many years, on the military in general.

* Eſſay 19. Edition thirteenth.

" Men

" Men in the military profeſſion are not cul-
" pable for the exiſtence of war; a ſtate which
" they found eſtabliſhed before they were
" born, and which it is not in their power,
" if it were their inclination, to alter. Their
" profeſſion has always been deemed one of
" the moſt honourable. As things are con-
" ſtituted, and as they have generally con-
" ducted themſelves, their claim to honour
" may, I believe, remain undiſputed. While
" we lament that ſuch an order of men ſhould
" have been found neceſſary, we may freely
" beſtow that praiſe, which the virtues of in-
" dividuals engaged in it deſerve.

" Courage is obviouſly a prime requiſite in
" this profeſſion. It has of courſe been culti-
" vated, encouraged, and diſplayed by it in
" high perfection. But courage, when it
" does not ariſe from animal inſenſibility, is
" connected with every generous virtue. The
" ſoldier has, therefore, been diſtinguiſhed
" for openneſs, honour, truth, and liberality.
" To the ſolid virtues, he has alſo added the
" high poliſh of urbane and eaſy manners.
" His various commerce with the buſy world
" has rubbed off thoſe aſperities, and extended

" that

" that narrowneſs, which too often adhere to
" the virtuous recluſe. And perhaps it is
" difficult to exhibit human nature in a more
" amiable and honourable light, than it ap-
" pears in the accompliſhed ſoldier; in the
" ſoldier, fully prepared for his profeſſion by
" a liberal education, and finiſhed, through
" the favourable circumſtances of it, by all
" thoſe qualities which render men generous
" in principle, and agreeable in converſa-
" tion *."

But though I am ready to honour, as I have thus *publicly* honoured, the military profeſſion; yet I wiſh, in the ſcripture-language, that " MEN MAY NOT LEARN WAR ANY MORE." But, ſays an objector, there always were wars. It is granted. But becauſe mankind *have been* unwiſe, are they never to relinquiſh their folly? Why ſhould not human affairs, in this reſpect as well as others, admit of improvement, by THE TOTAL ABOLITION OF WAR? Human affairs ſhould always be in a progreſſive ſtate. The old age of the world,

* Knox's Winter Evenings, page 295. octavo edition.

which

which is the preſent age, ſhould correct the temerity of its youth; the enlightened ſtate ſhould rectify the errors of its paſt times of ignorance. Time was, when men did not believe the *exiſtence of antipodes*; and when to have publiſhed an opinion of their exiſtence, would have ſubjected the ingenious philoſopher to the *inquiſition*; and, perhaps, brought him to the *ſtake*. Time was, when men believed that the earth ſtood ſtill, and that the ſun and all the heavenly bodies rolled round it; and to have contradicted ſuch an idea, would have been deemed damnable hereſy. Time was, when people thought that Sir Iſaac Newton's diſcoveries could never have been made. The time *ſtill continues*, when men believe war to be neceſſary; though the very ſame men, at the ſame time, (in England at leaſt,) allow, that the Chriſtian religion is true, which forbids rancour, malice, revenge, and teaches forgiveneſs of INJURIES AND OF ENEMIES. The commandments are read in the churches of England by public authority; and one of them ſays, Thou ſhalt do no murder; yet a party ſhall ſurprize a few unarmed foreigners aſleep in a village retreat, and put

them

them to death if there is danger of their giving alarm, and expect, and even receive rewards and applauſe. The Bible, read alſo by law in our churches, contains this edict, founded in juſtice and mercy: "WHOSO "SHEDDETH MAN'S BLOOD, BY MAN ALSO "SHALL HIS BLOOD BE SHED;" yet, he who coolly ſheddeth the blood of thouſands, ſhall be received with acclamations, illuminations, bonfires, exploſion of cannons; and be conſidered as worthy of the richeſt rewards and the higheſt honours a CHRISTIAN NATION can confer. Prejudice is very obſtinate, and ignorance with great difficulty convinced. Yet I muſt believe, that a NEWTON may hereafter appear in the *political* world; and *prove* that men may live happily, the ſhort ſpace allowed them, without employing the *beſt part of their lives*, the time of youth, health, and ſtrength, in cutting off each other from the land of the living. Is not the world wide enough for us all? We put PIKE, and other fiſhes of prey, into our fiſh-ponds, to eat up the little fiſh, that the others may fatten and become *overgrown* for the tables of the rich and luxurious: But it is quite another thing

among *Chriſtians*, who are taught to ſay, "OUR "FATHER which art in heaven;" who, conſequently, are *all brethren*, and who cannot ſlay any of their ſpecies, unleſs in ſelf-defence, without being guilty of *fratricide*, an aggravated ſpecies of murder. "YE ARE BRETHREN," ſay the ſcriptures; "WHY DO YE WRONG "ONE TO ANOTHER?"

GREAT GOD! the Father of us all, have mercy on mankind, though their tranſgreſſions have juſtly provoked thee, and grant, that none of thy children may lead their brethren to mutual deſtruction *. What, indeed, are theſe leaders? Are they not ſhepherds of their people †? Is it not the ſhepherd's buſineſs to guard all the ſheep from the common enemy, the WOLF? Would a ſhepherd, a real, not a figurative ſhepherd, be juſtified in leading one flock to fight and deſtroy another, *even if they would*, when thou haſt given herbage ſufficient for them all? But ſuppoſing, for argument's ſake, *that ſhepherd himſelf one of*

* Ολλυντας και ολλυμενους.
Παλλους δ' ιφθιμους ψυχας αιδι προϊαψεν. HOM.
† Quid meruiſtis, oves? placidum pecus. OVID.

the

the ſheep, would not his conduct, in teaching them to anticipate the butcher, be ſtill more culpable, becauſe more unnatural? But what are theſe leaders? Do they not enter the world in the ſame helpleſs manner as the pooreſt of their train? Do they not leave it, after a brief continuance, in the ſame helpleſs manner? and ſhall the ſhort miſerable interval be ſpent in deſtroying life, and diffuſing miſery? They themſelves are objects of greater pity, than thoſe who *innocently bleed* under their guidance. Have mercy upon them all, O Father! and grant that PRIDE AND AMBITION may FALL at laſt, ſubdued by reaſon, and by the influence of Chriſtian benevolence. Let us all remember we are *men*, pity human nature, alleviate its woes, and retain but one cauſe of amicable ſtrife, the EMULATION TO DO THE MOST GOOD IN OUR TIME, AND TO PREVENT THE MOST EVIL.

Happy they, who, in this turbulent ſcene, are enabled to live in peace, and deſcend to the grave unſtained with the blood of any fellow-creature! Behold a pale hand in a ſhroud, ſpotted with the blood of a brother! not one penitential tear to waſh it out! O

earth, cover it! May neither my friends nor my enemies have to meet, in another world, thoſe whom they have ſent prematurely out of this, with all their imperfections on their heads. May they live in peace, die in charity, and be united in bliſs, at a joyful reſurrection. So much, ſurely, I may *wiſh* without the imputation of ſedition.

With reſpect to the charge of ſedition, I aſk, I ſolicit the ſtricteſt ſcrutiny of my conduct, as a loyal citizen, as a preacher of peace, as a friend to order, law, and liberty. I heſitate not to add the word *liberty*, though *by ſome* * proſcribed. If I were not a friend to liberty,

* To account for ſome late POLITICAL PHÆNOMENA, wonderful in a country whoſe CONSTITUTION IS FREE, and whoſe King was ſeated on the throne by the SPIRIT OF LIBERTY, it may not be improper to conſider the obſervation of an able writer; "THERE MAY BE A "FACTION FOR THE CROWN AS WELL AS AGAINST IT; "AND CONSPIRACIES AGAINST FREEDOM AS WELL AS "AGAINST PREROGATIVE."—"To ſhew the cauſes," ſays a remarker on this obſervation, "of this malignancy, it "will be neceſſary to obſerve, that there is, in every "ſociety, a number of men to whom TYRANNY is PRO-"FITABLE; men *devoid of every virtue and qualification* "requiſite to RISE IN A FREE STATE. The emoluments "and favours they gain for SUPPORTING TYRANNY, are "the only means by which *they* can OBTAIN THOSE DI-"STINCTIONS

liberty, as well as to law and order, I ſhould indeed be a traitor; for liberty is the eſſence of the Britiſh Conſtitution.

To ſtifle uſeful truth by INTIMIDATION *, is an attempt as weak as it is wicked. It would

" STINCTIONS which, in every EQUAL GOVERNMENT, are " the *rewards* of PUBLIC SERVICE."

* The ſeverity aſſumed by ſome parts of the community towards other parts of it, is thus accounted for, by that very able and reſpectable clergyman, the Rev. CHRISTOPHER WYVILL, whoſe exertions of eloquence and virtue, in the cauſe of freedom, deſerve his country's gratitude.

" The eſtabliſhment of a legiſlative aſſembly in France " on equitable principles of repreſentation; the exultation " expreſſed by the people here, on the ſucceſsful efforts " which had been exerted to emancipate the French na- " tion; and the apparent eaſe with which a tranſition " might be made, in this country, from admiring *their* " form of repreſentation to *improving our own*; theſe " united circumſtances puſhed the *panic* of a JEALOUS " ARISTOCRACY to its preſent extremity.

" From that moment their *animoſity* no longer has " known any bounds of JUSTICE, MODERATION, OR PRU- " DENCE.

" The PEOPLE, and their juſt conſtitutional claims, have " been the conſtant objects of their UNQUALIFIED SCORN " AND DERISION, their unmitigated ABHORRENCE AND EX- " ECRATION; and ſtill, in each wild and moody change of " temper, theſe alternate EXCESSES of RAGE and RIDI-

" [illegible]

would be equally feaſible to extinguiſh the light of the ſun, by binding bandages over the eyes of men. Fire, ſword, baniſhment, proſcription, proſecution, ſtrained even to perſecution, have been often tried in attacking truth; but they have ultimately promoted the cauſe which they were intended to annihilate. Lop a tree, and, if the root is vigorous and the ſoil fertile, it will vegetate with redoubled luxuriance. It is one advantage, among a thouſand, attending the conqueſts of reaſon, that they ſecure the regions which they ſubjugate. Brute force extends only to the body. The mind mocks its impotence. The FAULCHION, lifted up againſt PRINCIPLES, cuts the *air*, which inſtantaneouſly coaleſces; while he who aimed the blow falls to the ground, by his own ill-directed force.

Nothing but a BELLUM INTERNECINUM, a war which cuts off man, woman, and child

" CULE*, of HORROR and CONTEMPT, have been but the " varied expreſſions of their FEAR."

* Nil habet *infœlix paupertas* durius in ſe
Quam quod RIDICULOS homines facit. JUV.

Witneſs " *Sans Culottes*," a phraſe of contempt for the POOR, (to whom Jeſus Chriſt preached the goſpel,) which has been tranſlated into Engliſh, " the *ſwiniſh* multitude."

from the face of the earth, can exterminate ſalutary truth, once made viſible, by her own unextinguiſhable luſtre, to a whole people. The object cannot be deſtroyed, though the eyes which ſee it may be put out with the ſword's point. Violence produces fear and death, but not conviction. It may ſubdue, but cannot conciliate. Then *may violence ceaſe from the earth;* and the mild arts of perſuaſion, reaſoning, and argument, be the *only* means reſorted to, unleſs when it is neceſſary to repel force by force, by all PEOPLE and RULERS in every part of the habitable globe. May the homage paid to grandeur be every where paid to virtue; the glory beſtowed on WARRIORS *, reſerved for the peace-makers; and the laurel become leſs honourable than the olive.

In

* A deſcription of a true Hero by a FRENCHMAN.

" Loin d'*aimer la guerre*, il *abhorre*;
" En triomphant même il deplore
" Les deſaſtres, qu'elle produit;
" Et courroné par la victoire,
" Il gemit de ſa propre gloire,
" Si LA PAIX n'en eſt pas le fruit." DE VILLIERS.

The following paſſages from the Friend of Liberty and Man, in the radiance of whoſe GENIUS, the glory of

conquerors

In this age of viciſſitude, under every change of political, philoſophical, or religious opinion, be it mine, as far as in me lies, to promote peace, to diffuſe happineſs, and to prevent or alleviate miſery. Theſe are my party-principles—theſe my politics—this my philoſophy—and this, with piety to GOD, and allegiance to the PRINCE OF PEACE, my RELIGION.

conquerors is as a *little farthing ruſhlight* to the SUN, are too fine and applicable to my ſubject to be omitted.

O ſhame to MEN! Devil with devil damn'd
Firm concord holds; men only diſagree
Of creatures rational;——————
And GOD PROCLAIMING PEACE,
Yet live in hatred, enmity, and ſtrife
Among themſelves, and LEVY CRUEL WARS,
Waſting the earth, each other to deſtroy.

MILTON's Par. Loſt, book ii.

——O what are theſe?
DEATH'S MINISTERS, NOT MEN! who thus *deal death*
Inhumanly to men; and multiply
Ten thouſand fold the ſin of him who ſlew
His brother; for of whom ſuch maſſacre
Make they, but of their BRETHREN, MEN OF MEN?

Par. Loſt, book xi.

A NAR-

A

NARRATIVE

OF

Tranſactions relative to a SERMON

Preached at *Brighton*, *Auguſt* 18, 1793.

THE contumelious language and inſolent behaviour of a few angry perſons, who thought proper to take offence at a ſermon which I lately preached at Brighton, have hitherto been paſſed over in ſilence, becauſe I deemed them utterly unworthy of my ſerious animadverſion. As far as I was perſonally concerned, I deſpiſed them. I felt that ſuperiority which ariſes from obſerving a ſilly effort of cauſeleſs malice, ſeeking its own poor gratification, by force, by the infringement of law, and the diſturbance of order. Though injury was certainly intended me, yet, at the time, I ſuffered none; and I ſcorned either to com-

plain of the attempt, or to retaliate the malevolence.

But the Public has conſidered the outrage more ſeriouſly. To the Public it appears to afford an alarming precedent of military interference. It juſtly excites general uneaſineſs, when they who are bound by every obligation to preſerve the peace, become its violators; and ſeek redreſs of ſuppoſed grievances, by arbitrary coercion, neglecting thoſe laws, which, in a well-regulated ſtate like ours, apply to every wrong a certain remedy. Nothing tends more directly to the ANARCHY we deplore. A military tribunal, to which even the pulpit is made amenable by force, is indeed a ſingular and truly alarming innovation in our excellent Conſtitution. The public is naturally rouſed at the ſlighteſt appearance of military deſpotiſm, the worſt of all deſpotiſm; and of that *unauthorized* violence, which has produced, in its progreſs, the moſt dreadful maſſacres on the other ſide of the Channel. To the Public, thus awakened by a dangerous example, I owe a faithful and minute Narrative of all the circumſtances which have excited its ſolicitude.

The

The public attention calls loudly for my ſtatement. Miſrepreſentation and calumny have taken advantage of my forbearance. The engines of venal malice have been employed, to hurl on me their envenomed weapons of abuſe. Diurnal papers, notoriouſly under corrupt influence, have been commiſſioned to miſrepreſent my ſermon and my principles, that the offence of thoſe who endeavour to puniſh me in a manner equally illegal and indecorous, might be ſuppoſed to admit of palliation. An unoffending individual was to be ſacrificed, that a nameleſs body of his favoured aſſailants might eſcape cenſure. I owe to my friends and to myſelf a public repreſentation of the whole affair, to obviate the effects of baſe calumny, which, though deſpicable in the eyes of thoſe who know its origin, is yet diffuſed with induſtry, inſinuated by influence, and at length deceives the unwary.

I beg not to be miſunderſtood in the motives to this publication. I mean not to complain. I ſeek no redreſs; for I feel no evil. The feeble weapon aimed at me fell pointleſs to the ground, and I ſmiled at its imbecility.

I wiſh only to leave on record a true account of a tranſaction, which, inſignificant to myſelf at firſt, has derived importance from the continued attention of the Public to it, and from the indefatigable calumnies of agents, who, for the purpoſes of their paymaſters, are mercenary enough to palliate any wrong done to a private individual.

I am ſenſible that a preacher of the goſpel of Jeſus Chriſt, when he has performed his duty in the pulpit to the beſt of his power, and according to the dictates of his conſcience, ought to bear with patience whatever ill-uſage may enſue. I know well, that he ought to practiſe, what he is bound to preach, the forgiveneſs of injuries. I am aware that he ought to ſtifle the feelings of reſentment, and to return good for evil. But I am alſo convinced, that it is his duty to ſtop the progreſs of error, and to do himſelf and others juſtice, by a repreſentation of real facts, neither diſtorted nor diſcoloured by guile.

It has indeed been my lot to have ſuffered ill-treatment from thoſe who were bound by all the laws of honour to have afforded me, and thoſe who accompanied me, protection

from

from UNMANLY inſult. *The age of chivalry is paſt;* or the ladies of my family would not have participated in the puniſhment to which I was condemned, as an *eccleſiaſtic*, by a *military* ſentence. Though I could not but feel ſome degree of indignation at thoſe circumſtances of the inſult which involved defenceleſs females in it, yet I have endeavoured to ſubdue all emotions of revenge. I purpoſely abſtained from animadverting on the affront intended me, till time co-operating with reaſon, ſhould have effaced the firſt impreſſions, and ſoftened anger into pity. I am diveſted of all vindictive ſentiment, and proceed with perfect equanimity to my Narrative.

At the commencement of an anniverſary vacation in the laſt Autumn, I hired a houſe in North Street, Brighton, and went thither, together with my family, in purſuit of health, by ſea-bathing, and a ſalutary change of air and ſcene. A cloſe attention to ſtudy, and to various buſineſs, had rendered ſuch excurſions, in ſeaſons of leiſure, highly uſeful, if not neceſſary. In this temporary reſidence at a place of public reſort, I had no other object in view

but

but health. After I had been there a week or ten days, Mr. HUDSON, the vicar of the pariſh, with whom I had not then the pleaſure of being in the leaſt acquainted, ſent me a note expreſſing his deſire that I would *gratify* his congregation, as he politely expreſſed himſelf, with a ſermon on the morrow, which was Sunday the eleventh of Auguſt. I uſe his words, and appeal to him for the truth of the fact, it having been aſſerted in letters, in private companies, and at coffee-houſes, that I ſolicited an opportunity to preach, in order to ſerve the purpoſes of a party. Short as the notice was, I did not refuſe, eſpecially as upon my ſhewing reluctance, ſome friends who were preſent at the receipt of the requeſt, importuned me to comply.

On the Sunday I preached on the text, "*The peace of God, which paſſeth all underſtanding, ſhall keep your hearts and minds through Chriſt Jeſus.*"—Philipp. iv. 7.

As it has been ſaid that I *obtruded* myſelf into the pulpit, and as I have been ſo ſingularly inſulted and ſo groſsly abuſed in public, I may be pardoned in mentioning in public, the very

very flattering manner in which this ſermon was heard by a very large and very reſpectable congregation, in which were many of the military belonging to the Surrey regiment, quartered in Brighton. The utmoſt attention was paid to it. The military appeared to be particularly impreſſed, and highly ſatisfied. Expreſſions of approbation were heard, too emphatic for me to repeat. Mr. HUDSON, the vicar, who read prayers, came to my houſe, on purpoſe to thank me, in his own name, and that of his congregation. He mentioned the general ſatisfaction I had given; the many inquiries that had been made after my name by ſtrangers; and expreſſed a hope, that I would preach once more, as he knew it was the wiſh of his pariſhioners. This, however, I declined at that time, and certainly had no intention to preach again at Brighton, though I had every reaſon to be pleaſed with my reception.

I hope I may be permitted to mention a few additional circumſtances, tending to evince that it was the wiſh, not only of the vicar and pariſhioners, but of the company reſorting to Brighton, that I ſhould preach there

there again. On my going to the uſual places of public reſort, gentlemen highly reſpectable in appearance, whom I had never ſpoken to before, paid me the compliment of noticing me by ſalutation; and ſeveral of them introduced themſelves to me on the Stene, and at the bookſeller's, in order to thank me for my ſermon. One gentleman in particular, who told me his name is FOSTER, and who lives in Warwickſhire, a perfect ſtranger, did me the honour to compliment me in a very remarkable manner, and to ſpend much time with me at the Camp in various converſation. I have never ſeen him ſince I left Brighton, nor have had any communication with him; but I doubt not that he will do me the juſtice to acknowledge that he expreſſed the higheſt approbation, and added, that he had heard many do the ſame. I met upon the Stene, on the Monday morning, Captain MITFORD of Upper Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square, London, who told me that he had heard with great pleaſure, the ſingular applauſe beſtowed on my ſermon preached the day before, and lamented his own abſence. Theſe gentlemen, of whoſe integrity I have the higheſt opinion, will bear ample teſ-

timony

timony to the truth of this part of my ſtatement, and prove that I did not preach at Brighton againſt the will of the hearers, as malicious reporters have falſely, yet confidently, aſſerted.

I muſt regret, as circumſtances have ſince happened, that I did not make myſelf acquainted with the names of all the ſtrangers who honoured me with particular notice, in conſequence of my ſermon. They would all have confirmed my contradiction of a malicious report *, that my *firſt* ſermon at Brighton gave offence, and that I preached a *ſecond time* officiouſly, againſt the wiſhes of the vicar and people, and at my own ſolicitation. To the vicar, and to the numerous inhabitants of Brighton, I make my appeal with confidence.

I proceed to mention how it happened that I was perſuaded to preach on the following Sunday, after having declined it. On the birth-day of the PRINCE OF WALES, I was preſent at the ball, and partook of the ſupper given at the Caſtle in honour of him. I there alſo experienced a marked civility, from perſons who could know me only from the ſer-

* It originated, or was diſſeminated, in a news-paper which I have ſeen.

mon which had been ſo favourably received on the Sunday. I met Mr. HUDSON there. He ſhewed great kindneſs, continued in my company nearly the whole of the evening, and, in the courſe of it, renewed his requeſt, that, as his pariſhioners very much wiſhed it, I would give him another ſermon on the following Sunday. My reply was as follows: "I come here for recreation, after the fatigues of my daily avocations and of my own pariſh church, and I do not wiſh to be interrupted by exertions of this kind, eſpecially as I find my laſt ſermon has excited ſo general an attention, and probably raiſed expectation too high. You mention the praiſes I have received; but I will not preach for the ſake of praiſe. If you ſay it will ſerve you, if you wiſh to be abſent, or if it is any relief to you, I will endeavour to prepare a ſermon in the midſt of the interruptions of this place, and will preach next Sunday, though I ſincerely wiſh to decline it." He continued his requeſt, and I complied; little thinking how great a diſturbance was to be the reſult.

I had no ſermon with me which was ſuited entirely to the occaſion. I had frequent viſitors

ſitors at my houſe, and was engaged to go out on family-parties for ſeveral days. However, I wrote the *offenſive* ſermon in ſhort intervals, frequently interrupted. My enemies have ſaid that I came *prepared* to Brighton, a miſſionary of ſedition, an incendiary with my combuſtibles in my pocket, a preacher of premeditated treaſon, an emiſſary employed to cauſe mutiny in the army, and revolution in the empire. Such malice can only provoke a ſmile. Several friends ſaw me writing my ſermon, and many can atteſt on oath, that I never ſought an occaſion of preaching at all at Brighton, as well as that I never preached, during ſixteen or ſeventeen years Miniſtry, either ſedition, treaſon, or any thing elſe, but what was at once conducive to public order and peace, to private happineſs, comfort, and tranquillity.

I choſe for my ſubject, "*The proſpect of perpetual and univerſal peace to be eſtabliſhed on the principles of Chriſtian philanthropy.*" My text was, *Glory to God in the higheſt, on earth peace, good-will towards men.*

I was led to the choice of this ſubject from obſerving the EXTREME BITTERNESS ex-

 preſſed,

preſſed, even in gay and good-humoured companies, againſt a great part of our fellow-creatures; from the almoſt daily accounts in the newſpapers of ſlaughtered thouſands, and the eagerneſs with which war had been adopted by all the nations concerned, when NEGOTIATION might have effected every deſirable purpoſe, without expence, and without CARNAGE.

The following expreſſions, which were uttered loudly in my hearing, and apparently intended for my ear, on the Sunday evening on the Stene, after my ſecond ſermon, ſeem to prove that a recommendation of *good-will towards men* was not ill-timed. "My prayer," ſaid an unknown gentleman in uniform, "my prayer to God is, that the war with France may be a long, a bloody—nay, an everlaſting war." A ſimilar INVETERACY I had often obſerved in converſation of mixed companies; and I had read ſomething approaching to it, in *faſt ſermons* of recent date. I really thought, therefore, that a ſpirit ſo unphiloſophical, ſo unchriſtian, ſo inhuman, ought to be checked, if poſſible, in the pulpit, by thoſe who were enliſted ſoldiers under the PRINCE OF PEACE. The temper of the people ſeem-

ed

ed to be ſoured by national animoſity, artfully inſpired by deluſive publications; and a ſavageneſs of ſentiment began to prevail, productive of barbariſm and barbarity. Perſons wholly ignorant of public affairs, and incapable of judging of them, had been taught of late to expreſs themſelves with a CRUELTY againſt the public enemy, diſgraceful to the Britiſh character, and ſuch as, if farther encouraged by inflammatory treatiſes, may produce a conduct at home, in future circumſtances, fatal to internal peace and perſonal ſafety. It muſt ever be dangerous to cheriſh CRUEL paſſions in the populace. He is a wretched politician, who, for temporary purpoſes, encourages ſentiments in the common people inconſiſtent with their religion, and with humanity. Such being my opinion, I was confident I could not render greater ſervice, in the little ſpace allotted to a diſcourſe from the pulpit, than in preaching univerſal philanthropy, and the duty of ſeeking peace with all human kind, by every poſſible mode of fair negotiation. Theſe were the reaſons which induced me to chuſe the ſubject of *peace and good-will towards men*. The time

and

and the place naturally ſuggeſted the idea. Such ſubjects, I am ſure, are proper at all times, and in all places; but there appeared to me a peculiar propriety in bringing them forward at the time I was deſired to preach, and at Brighton. It was a time, when every news-paper teemed with accounts of dreadful ſlaughter. It was a place, at which the ſubject of peace and war was peculiarly intereſting, becauſe an army of many thouſand men was encamped in its vicinity, and the whole neighbouring country had aſſumed a warlike appearance. The church is a place at all times adapted to the doctrines of peace and benevolence. Had I even gone to the camp, and diſcourſed, as a *chaplain*, on the ſame topic, it could not have been out of place. But every one who came to the *church*, knew that he *muſt* hear peace, charity, good-will, forgiveneſs of enemies recommended, in hearing the leſſons from the goſpel. If my ſermon was deemed ill-placed in recommending univerſal peace and univerſal good-will in Brighton *church*, what will men, who judge ſo, ſay of the goſpel read there? what of the national liturgy, eſtabliſhed by law as firmly as the national militia?

But

But I digreſs too long from my Narrative. On the Sunday appointed, I went, accompanied by a friend and all my family, to the church, and preached that ſermon which gave diſpleaſure to a *very few military men*, who, I am willing to believe, totally miſapprehended its tendency. I was heard in ſilence, and, if I can judge*, with great attention. I was not conſcious that any part of the congregation was offended, nor did I ſurmiſe it till after the following incident. On going out of the church, a lady, a perfect ſtranger, accoſted me and ſaid, "I thank you for your ſermon. I could have ſat hours to have heard ſuch with pleaſure. But excuſe me—I muſt tell you, that from what I have obſerved in the pews, among a certain deſcription of perſons, you have offended thoſe, who, I fear, have as little reliſh for the doc-

* I have ſince been informed, that in ſome pews, where a few of the military and their acquaintance were ſeated, impatience was ſhewn by ſuch whiſperings as this: "Will the fellow never have done?" A TITTER was alſo *affected* to conceal the *choleric affections;* and FANS played with motions as rapid as the tail of an angry cat. But I was unconſcious of theſe ſymptoms of ſtifled rage.

trine

trine of forgiveneſs as they ſeem to have of peace. Many, like my ſelf, are highly pleaſed with every part of your diſcourſe; but there are thoſe who are angry indeed!" My family, who ſtood around me, heard her obſervations, and were greatly alarmed. I was not in the leaſt *alarmed*, though certainly concerned, to find that I had been miſapprehended. Conſcious of having meant nothing but what was humane, beneficent, and truly Chriſtian, in all which I had delivered, I feared no ill. Having done no wrong, nor intended any thing but good, I felt a ſerene complacency, notwithſtanding the alarm given by this unknown lady, in a tone of voice, and with a look and manner, expreſſive of apprehenſions for my ſafety. I met with no moleſtation in the church. I walked ſlowly through the church-yard. Nothing but reſpect was ſhown me. I returned with my family to my houſe with peculiar cheerfulneſs, flowing from a faithful diſcharge of my duty, and the conſequent eſteem of the pariſhioners, which, I believe, I poſſeſſed.

I had friends to dine with me on that day, and the church-ſervice in the afternoon began

rather early. Under theſe circumſtances I might have been abſent without blame. But I roſe from my table, acquainting my company, that, as I underſtood the officers, who were at church in the morning, were offended at me, I would certainly walk to church, in the hope of meeting ſome of them, of hearing what had given them offence, and of coming immediately, before miſrepreſentation could take place, to a full and amicable explanation. I wiſhed earneſtly to meet the angry parties, that we might converſe together, that I might acknowledge my fault, if I had been in the wrong, and remove *their* miſtake if they thought me ſo, undeſervedly. I had no reſentments; I only wiſhed for reconciliation. I went therefore unaccompanied by my friends; for I ſought no protection. I met not a ſingle officer. After hearing Mr. Moſſop preach, I returned to my family to drink tea. In the evening I propoſed walking on the Stene, ſtill hoping to meet my offended hearers in the military profeſſion: many officers were there, but I did not recognize any of thoſe who were at the church.—No inſult was offered me; for I can hardly

ſuppoſe that the ſpeech above-mentioned, expreſſing a wiſh for a long, a bloody, nay an everlaſting war, could be intended as an inſult to *me*, though it was repeated cloſe to my ear, in a voice raiſed above the common pitch, and with peculiar emphaſis and *action*. My ſermon was talked of frequently in my hearing, but not with diſapprobation. I was pointed out as the preacher, rather particularly indeed, but not rudely. I perceived a large party of the military aſſembled at the caſtle, who were dining in a room which looked immediately on the Stene; and I paſſed them unavoidably. I met with no inſult on this public and crowded walk, though I purpoſely remained there till it was dark, and all the company began to retire. The inhabitants of Brighton, and the pariſhioners in general, behaved with their uſual civility; not the leaſt degree of rudeneſs did I on this occaſion, or at any time, experience from *them*, or from any of the company reſorting to that place, unconnected with the offended FEW, in the military line.

On my return home, a letter was brought to me, of which the following is a copy:

" A ſtranger

" A ſtranger preſents his compliments and " ſincere homage of thanks to Dr. *Knox*, for " his moſt excellent Sermon preached this " morning, and earneſtly requeſts him to " publiſh it, as a means to promote the in- " tereſts of humanity, and procure that great " deſideratum, " Peace on Earth."

" The ardour of Chriſtian philanthropy it " breathes ſhould be diffuſed throughout the " world, which is the object of this applica- " tion. The writer wiſhes to diſtribute a " number of copies in a diſtant county. A " diſſemination of ſuch enlightening and " convincing knowledge is only wanting to " ſtop the effuſion of human blood; for " when mankind are well awakened, they " will not permit the dignified human but- " chers, the inſolent, unfeeling traffickers in " blood, to lead them to deſtruction.

" *Sunday*, *Aug.* 18."

This anonymous letter, the honeſt effu- ſion of philanthropy, I inſert in this place, as it forms a part of my narrative. I have no ſuſpicion whence it came. The ſervant, who delivered it at the door, went

away in great haſte. Several friends were preſent when the letter came, and read it as ſoon as it was opened.

I beg leave to mention as I proceed, that from the pulpit, where I muſt have had a pretty good view of the whole church, I ſaw VERY FEW OFFICERS; and of thoſe few, I knew not one even by name; I thought there were not twelve. Of common ſoldiers the number was alſo inconſiderable; I thought there were ſcarcely twenty, and theſe *were not of the camp*, but of the Surry militia quartered in the town. There were indeed more of the ſame regiment in the porch or in the churchyard; but too remote from the pulpit to hear a ſyllable of ſedition, if there had been any to hear. I mention the paucity of officers and privates for the following reaſon; the Public has been taught by miſtaken prints to believe, that I was guilty of preaching peace and good-will before the *whole camp*, that the aiſle was crowded with ſoldiers, and that all the officers of the camp attended. I appeal to the pariſhioners preſent, whether the number of military men, privates and officers included, was greater than I have conjectured.

My

My ſermon was not excluſively calculated for a congregation of perſons in any particular profeſſion. There was not a word addreſſed by an *apoſtrophè*, as I have heard it aſſerted, to the officers. I had no reaſon to ſuppoſe that any military men, but thoſe of the Surry militia quartered at Brighton, would be at the church. I thought, and I believe it was ſo, that divine ſervice was performed by the chaplains in the camp, and that the *ſoldiers of the camp* would not be permitted to ſtraggle to the town or the church, on a Sunday, during divine ſervice. The Public has been much deceived in the exaggerated accounts of my preaching to the *whole army;* but had the whole army been at the church, had it been allowed or been poſſible, I am certain they would have heard nothing from me, but what was authorized by the goſpel, enforced by the law of man as well as of God, tending to promote their happineſs in all events, and animating them to the diſcharge of every duty, on principles of humanity and Chriſtianity. I expreſsly aſſerted, while I was deploring the calamities of war, that the conductors of war were often men of SINGULAR

HUMANITY AND HONOUR. I expreſsly commended the beautiful gradation of ranks in ſociety. I enforced good order; I deprecated anarchy as much as deſpotiſm.

I have already related the tranſactions of the Sunday. On Monday I went to the Downs, where the whole army was aſſembled. The beauty of the day attracted thither my friend and my family. I hoped alſo to meet thoſe whom I had offended, that they might bring their charge againſt me face to face; and that I might explain what was miſunderſtood, or make a frank acknowledgment, if any thing could be made appear on my part truly reprehenſible. I hoped the explanation on both ſides would be liberal, candid, and gentlemanlike. I cared not how many were preſent at it. Truth loves the light. I would not be protected by my company, or concealed in my carriage. I walked alone a great part of near four hours on the ground, amidſt thouſands; the reſt I ſpent with my viſitor, with my family, and the family of my friend, Mr. BRIDGER of Buckingham-houſe, Shoreham. The military were indeed engaged in their evolutions;

but

but they frequently paſſed me nearly, and might have ſpoken to me. The company of ſpectators was very numerous, and much of it connected with the army. My ſermon, I have been ſince told, was a frequent topic of converſation on the ground, and I was pointed out as the preacher of it; but no inſult was offered, and no perſonal application made to me. In the evening I went, as uſual, to the Stene, and the bookſellers ſhops on the Stene, and met with nothing in either place, though crowded, but friendſhip and civility.

The morning of Tueſday was ſpent on the Stene, and in other places near Brighton. Even now I avoided not meeting thoſe who, I had been recently told, were heard to *threaten* me ſeverely, behind my back, on the preceding day. I preferred meeting them, and hearing the worſt they could ſay, to SECRET CALUMNY; which, as it could not be encountered, could not be repelled. This fiend was buſily at work, inflaming many againſt me who had never ſeen or heard me. Every one knows how things are unintentionally exaggerated when they become topics of converſation in the convivial hour, and when an emulation pre-

vails

vails of making a diſplay of ſpirit or ingenuity. Saucer-eyed phantoms of ſedition began to flit before diſturbed imaginations. Old women, dreaming of *chimeras dire*, ſtimulated their huſbands to buckle on the helmet and the ſhield, and take the ſpear, and go forth againſt the giant Sedition, which appeared to their dim eyes in the form of a windmill.

The important hour at length approached. The anger of my enemies was nothing indeed in duration to the wrath of Achilles; but yet it appears to have been of a durable nature. The offence of Sunday morning was to be revenged on Tueſday evening. My friend, who was to return to London on the next day, propoſed that ſome of my family and myſelf ſhould accompany him to the Theatre. I had no deſire to go; but as I had determined to decline no opportunity of meeting thoſe who, now, it ſeems, expreſſed themſelves with great RANCOUR againſt me, I conſented immediately. Accordingly Mrs. Knox, my eldeſt ſon (a boy of fourteen years), and my daughter (a year or two younger), ſet out with my friend for the Theatre. As we walked up North-ſtreet, ſeveral perſons ſtopped and ſpoke to each other,

in

in the hearing of myſelf and family, in terms of the higheſt approbation of the laſt Sunday's ſermon. Near the door of the Theatre, MAJOR TORAINE and a young Lieutenant of the Eaſt Middleſex overtook me: they were not going to the Theatre; but they accompanied me a little way, and behaved with great politeneſs; the Major inviting me to viſit him in the camp, and expreſſing his concern that he had not ſeen me there before. They might not perhaps have heard of my offence; but, whether they had or not, it is certain that their behaviour was, as uſual, friendly and gentleman-like. I have been ſince informed by a perſon, who had opportunities of converſing in the camp, that, notwithſtanding the miſrepreſentations of my ſermon, a great part of the moſt *reſpectable** officers were far from expreſſing diſpleaſure at its doctrine.

On entering the Theatre, Mr. Thomas, the boxkeeper, accoſted me by name, though I thought I was unknown to him; ſhewed uncommon attention, and begged leave to ſeat us all in a good place of his own choice. This place was the right hand ſide-box,

* "Titles and riches do not make the moſt *reſpectable* officers." CORPORAL TRUEMAN.

next to the ſtage-box, where the Prince uſually ſits. He was not there. If he had been, I ſhould have ſought his protection, and have been ſafe in his juſtice.

Soon after the curtain drew up, a few officers entered the ſtage-box on the oppoſite ſide of the Theatre. They had not been there five minutes, before their whole attention ſeemed fixed on the box where my family, my friend, and myſelf were ſeated. They looked frequently at me, and then talked to each other with great apparent earneſtneſs. Other officers, and ſeveral elderly ladies, ſoon appeared in the ſame box; they alſo looked at us in a pointed manner, and then ſeemed to deliberate*. Their attention appeared to be engroſſed by the conſultation, and they ſeldom turned to the players on the ſtage. There were ſeveral other officers interperſed in other boxes. Meſſages were ſent to ſome of them, and they removed into the ſtage-box. A man whoſe looks were choleric, and who ſat in the ſame box and on the ſame ſeat with me, was ſent for, and I ſaw him taking his ſeat oppoſite to me. He left his hat behind him, probably intending to return when I ſhould be excluded.

* Aliquid jamdudum invadere *magnum!* VIRG.

They frequently went in and out, and appeared extremely busy* and anxious in concerting the plan of operations. This continued during the whole of the play. My children observed it, and told me that they suspected some insult. I disregarded their suggestions, and sat with perfect composure. Between the play and the entertainment, the following Note, directed to me, was first handed from behind us, to Mrs. Knox, who gave it to me. My son had seen one of the officers writing; and there is no doubt but he was composing this Note, sent without a name, and couched in terms of caution and subtlety. I must call it a *discreet Note*; and as discretion is allowed to be the better part of courage, I must add another epithet, and contend that it is a courageous Note.

Copy of the MANDATORY NOTE *of Expulsion, dispatched by a Confederacy of unknown Persons, styling themselves in the said Note,* THE GENTLEMEN OF THIS THEATRE. *Superscribed on the back,* Dr. KNOX.

" YOUR DISCOURSE LAST SUNDAY WAS " SO OFFENSIVE, THAT THE GENTLE-

* Velut apes æstate novâ.

"MEN OF THIS THEATRE DESIRE YOU "WILL QUIT IT IMMEDIATELY."

It is ſo beautifully laconic that it might be taken for the production of a Spartan Republican, if it were not at the ſame time ſo authoritative as to reſemble the edict of a German Deſpot. It is written with a pencil on a ſcrap of torn paper. I intend to preſerve it, that it may ſupply documents to future hiſtorians, and hope to have intereſt enough to get it depoſited in the archives of the Tower.

I read the order, and gave it to Mrs. Knox. Immediately I roſe, and addreſſing myſelf to the oppoſite boxes, which, however, were now nearly empty, *the military having accompanied their diſpatch*, requeſted to know who had ſent me this impertinent Paper without a name. The meſſenger, whoever he was, had diſappeared. I turned back to look for him, and beheld a phalanx of military men, who had come round, and were drawn up behind me at the door of my box, and in the Lobby, through which I muſt paſs in my retreat. While I was aſking for the meſſenger, a clamour began, and finding the paſſage cloſed by the very perſons who had

ordered

ordered me to withdraw *immediately*, I ſtept a little forward, and endeavoured to ſay to the Theatre, which was not half filled, "Ladies "and gentlemen, I have this moment received "an extraordinary Paper, neither ſigned nor "dated, containing a requiſition that I ſhould "quit the Theatre immediately, on account of "the ſermon which I preached laſt Sunday "morning in your pariſh church. I beg par-"don for interrupting you; but under theſe "circumſtances, and ſurrounded, as you ſee "I am, I humbly intreat the permiſſion of "the Houſe, to aſk aloud who ſent me this "Note, and by what authority I am bound to "obey it, in this place of public entertainment, "where my family and myſelf have entitled "ourſelves to unmoleſted ſeats, by paying the "price demanded at the door. We have inter-"rupted nobody. Will you authorize the ar-"bitrary expulſion of us all? for my family and "friend will certainly follow me. I beg leave, "beſieged as you ſee me by a conſiderable "number of men behind me, who are at this "moment expreſſing their anger by opprobri-"ous names, to enter into a ſhort explanation "with them, to aſk the particulars of my "offence in *your preſence*, and to declare, that

"if

" if any thing advanced in my ſermon gave
" perſonal offence, it was unintentional, and
" that I am concerned at it. If any one of theſe
" gentlemen will prove to your ſatisfaction that
" he is juſtly offended, I will immediately beg
" his pardon. I beg *your* pardon, who are to-
" tally unconcerned in this attack, for this ſin-
" gular interruption, which I truſt I ſhall ob-
" tain from you, as men and Engliſhmen;
" when you have before your eyes a defenceleſs
" individual, in a ſituation ſo ſingular, as will,
" I hope, juſtify my preſent addreſs to you."

It was impoſſible to be heard diſtinctly. I could not find an interval of ſilence to utter half of the above, which I had conceived in my mind and wiſhed to deliver. The clamour of the perſons in uniforms behind me was loud and inceſſant. I heard myſelf called, in the firſt inſtance, a *democratical ſcoundrel that deſerved to be* HANGED*. " A
" Democrat,

* I have been informed, ſince the publication of the former editions of this Narrative, that many of the aſſailants were of a different opinion, and thought DROWNING was to be preferred to HANGING me; it having been propoſed that I ſhould be dragged to the SEA, which is near, and thrown into it. A perſon of veracity was told of this by a tradeſman of Brighton; who added, that the preſence of Mrs.

"Democrat, a Democrat, a d——d Democrat. "Out with the Democrat—no Democrats." Scoundrel and raſcal were titles laviſhly beſtowed. It is needleſs to repeat the ſilly oaths and unmeaning expletives* which ſerved thoſe, who were too much enraged to be able to ſay any thing elſe, to add to the noiſe and drown my voice. I particularly remember hearing one man ſay, "No ſpeech—that "won't do—he ought to be hanged—out with "him:" and another call repeatedly for PERSONAL VIOLENCE to be inflicted upon me before I ſhould be ſuffered to depart. A grim and gaunt figure exclaimed, "IRONS—IRONS, "here; he ought to be put in IRONS directly."

I found it was impoſſible to be heard by the Houſe at large, who could not know the cauſe of the diſturbance. I thought my perſeverance might create a riot. I ſaid, therefore, to my terrified family, "I will go, "for the ſake of peace. Fear not, they will "not

Mrs. Knox and my children *alone* ſaved me from the WATERY GRAVE. I *laugh* at this; but there might be ſome danger, as theſe gentlemen were not of the HUMANE SOCIETY.

* Such as Bah! Boo! Boh! and other noiſy ſounds, of which I know not the meaning, not being in poſſeſſion of the *St. Giles's Gloſſary*, or the *Scoundrel's Dictionary*.

Indeed, Gentlemen of this Theatre, you yourselves were the Democrats here; and what is worse you were armed Democrats; and what is still worse for gentlemen you were behaving like downright blackguard Democrats

" not hurt WOMEN AND CHILDREN. I feel
" no anxiety for my own ſafety. There is no
" oppoſing ſo great a ſuperiority of num-
" bers. I hope for an explanation."

I entered the Lobby, and had a right to expect that the *paſſage would be clear*, and that I ſhould be allowed to retire, as I was ordered, without moleſtation. But I found the narrow Lobby crowded by perſons in regimentals, many of whom, as I paſſed, continued to uſe the ſame language which I had heard behind me, while in the Houſe. No one, however, offered any *perſonal violence*, though ONE fellow in the next box to me, not *in an uniform*, (to the honour of the army,) continued to call loudly and repeatedly for it. He did not think proper to approach me; for what reaſons I know not. Probably for prudential ones; and diſcretion, it has already been obſerved, is a valuable ingredient in the compoſition of valour. He was VOX *et preterea* NIL. He did not begin to bray, till the whole body of veterans ſtood around him. Conſcious ſafety fired his TONGUE.

When I had arrived—*per tot diſcrimina rerum*—at the oppoſite ſide of the Houſe, I en-

entered a box, and again attempted to ſpeak to the *very few people in the Theatre*, who conſtituted the whole of the audience, except my purſuers, and were, I think, friendly. They were gazing in ſilence. They knew little of what was paſſing in the Lobby. They perhaps ſurmiſed that ſome French emiſſary or ſpy had been diſcovered, and was taken into lawful cuſtody by the *defenders of our country*. I addreſſed them, and they would have heard me with attention. A few of them at laſt recognized me, and cried *Silence;* but the noiſe of my aſſailants continued. It was inſiſted that I ſhould not ſpeak to the people. "Go," ſaid one who came up to me *much out of breath*, "go directly—go you muſt:" while from behind reſounded the cry, "Out with him—a "Democrat, a Democrat, a Democrat—*da capo* "—a Democrat.—No Democrat, a d——d "Democrat." I wonder, in their patriotic zeal, they did not exclaim, *No people! no people! no people for ever!*

I now began to withdraw from the houſe; for the poet ſays,

——*Parère neceſſe eſt—*
Nam quid agas? cum te furioſus cogat, et idem
"ARMATUS."

But I was determined, at all events, to find Mrs. Knox and the children, who had been ſeparated from me in the Lobby. On turning back, I ſaw Mrs. Knox in tears very near me, but without my daughter, and in great diſtreſs. I then requeſted, and inſiſted, that I might be permitted by the ruſhing phalanx to attend Mrs. Knox, and fetch both my ſon and daughter. While I was contending for this indulgence, and received no other anſwer than, "Go—go directly—go you muſt and "ſhall, by God," my family and friend came up to me. The generous victors ſhewed clemency at laſt, and ſuffered us, children and all, on our ſurrender, to march out unmoleſted. It is ſaid, they returned immediately to their poſt in the ſtage-box; and that *loyal tunes* were played by the band in celebration of the triumph, by way of *Te Deum*, or, "*The horſe* "*is thrown and his rider*," or ſome ſimilar EPINIKION, ſung while Princes were dragged at their chariot-wheels, in honour of the rivals of my aſſailants, the conquerors of antiquity.

On inquiring of Mrs. Knox what paſſed in the Lobby, while ſhe and the children were ſeparated from me, ſhe informed me, that a tall officer, on her turning back to ſee for her

her daughter, puſhed her violently by the ſhoulder, and bid her go *along after her huſband and be d——d.* Another, who probably ſaw and was aſhamed of this behaviour, and to whom I am really obliged for this tenderneſs, ſmall as it was, to a woman in her ſituation, did ſay to Mrs. Knox, "No perſonal violence ſhall be uſed; he ſhould not have come among us. Had he ſtuck to peace, we ſhould all have admired him." Another, nodding his terrific plumes, exclaimed, "It is well his wife and children are with him, or elſe—" here he uſed a fine *apoſiopeſis*. A ſtudent in rhetoric might indeed, on this occaſion, have learned the uſe of many choice figures of ſpeech; but he may ſucceed equally well in the ancient and celebrated ſchool of Billingſgate. Mrs KNOX, who was really anxious for my ſafety, not having perhaps remarked that barking dogs do not always bite, uſed all her eloquence in expoſtulation, and in ſupplicating by the ſilent language of tears for clemency. But ſhe was *hurried* along, and her gown and other parts of her dreſs *accidentally* torn in pieces. She has preſerved them as TROPHIES in their lacerated ſtate. Thus the only *perſonal violence*

 (which

(which the *Knight of the terrible tongue* called for) was exerciſed on a defenceleſs female, weeping for her huſband, and intreating to be permitted to return and conduct her daughter in ſafety, who had been forced in the crowd from the protection of both father and mother. Temporary rage got the better, not only of military politeneſs, and the unmeaning forms of decorum, but of common humanity *.

My ſon, who was alſo ſeparated from us in the Lobby, informed me that he ventured to ſay loudly, in an honeſt zeal for his father, "What are you doing? is this fair? ſo many "againſt one! Fie upon you!—near twenty "againſt one: O for ſhame!" Upon this a tall officer, whether the ſame who aſſaulted his mother or not, he does not know, ſhook him violently, ſaying at the ſame time, "Who "are you, you dog? you ought to be hanged "as well as your father, if it is your father; "and all ſuch as hold his democratical prin-"ciples, you dog you!"

To my *very young daughter*, who was left behind us all; who, from a peculiar

* VICIT AMOR PATRIÆ, LAUDUMQUE IMMENSA CUPIDO. VIRG.

tender-

tenderneſs of diſpoſition, was particularly diſtreſſed, and whom my friend was leading along with great difficulty, no other conſolation was offered by MEN, who probably were themſelves FATHERS, than a rough addreſs, "Don't fret—what do you fret for?"—A little kindneſs to my daughter in ſuch diſtreſs, would have taught me to forget my own ill-uſage in my gratitude. But we were a family of *Democrats*, I ſuppoſe; and it was PURE PATRIOTISM that taught the defenders of our peace and liberties to treat us ALL with indiſcriminate indignity, to forget, in their COUNTRY's cauſe, what was due to themſelves, due to me and mine, and due to PUBLIC ORDER.

The world has been told, that they were a parcel of *drunken* boys who committed this outrage. There were ſome young men among the brawlers; but the RING-LEADERS were, if I may judge from appearance, *veterans* in age if not in ſervice, and of high rank, if I may believe report, in their profeſſion and in ſociety. They did it in SOBER ſadneſs.

One circumſtance I muſt beg leave to point out as particularly worthy of notice.—Of the aſſail-

aſſailants in the Theatre, *very few* (I believe) were my *hearers in the church:* ſo that the reſt were probably influenced by the falſe repreſentations of goſſips, and the dreams of old ladies, to which I have above attributed ſome of the ill-grounded alarm and offence. Whether any thing which they *thought* glanced at the *finery* of their old beaux, hurt the pride of the elderly gentlewomen, I cannot aſcertain: but their inſtigations ſeemed to have conſiderable effect in ſtimulating the *corps*, who came into action *in the ſtraits of the Lobby*, to the moſt valorous exertion.

After the defeat, our little family-party walked home, arm in arm, with our good friend, to our houſe in North-ſtreet. In the terrified condition of the ladies, a carriage and the attendance of a ſervant were deſirable; but we were not ſuffered to wait for them. None of thoſe polite gentlemen expreſſed any concern, leſt the ladies, heated by the crowd in the Lobby, ſhould catch cold; or offered to ſend for our accommodations from home. True politeneſs, that politeneſs which ariſes from a poliſhed underſtanding and an humane and good heart, would have ſhewn ſome ſolicitude about *ladies*, thus ſingularly frightened,

ened, who could not poſſibly be involved in the atrocious guilt of my horrible democratical diſcourſe. But no—the tall officer had ſaid, "Go along after your huſband, and be d—d;" and perhaps humanity or common civility from any of the ſhorter officers, after that order, might have been conſtrued *mutiny*.

As we paſſed along the ſtreet muſing on the *Agreeable Surpriſe* (the drama we went to ſee), a gentleman, who purpoſely followed us from the Theatre, came up to me in North-ſtreet; and after expreſſing his indignation at what he termed, in the warmth of firſt impreſſions, the *cowardly* treatment we had received, offered to be a witneſs, if I choſe to bring an action againſt the offenders. I knew him not. He appeared to be a gentleman, a man of ſenſe, and was of a *liberal profeſſion*. I thanked him very ſincerely; and told him, what was ſtrictly true, that I did not know the name of any of the perſons in uniform who had cauſed the outrage; and that it was too ſoon at preſent to come to any determination. He gave me his addreſs, and left me politely; with an aſſurance that, if called upon, he ſhould come forward with zeal, in the

the cauſe of truth and juſtice, to bear witneſs againſt ſuch unmerited inſult, injury, and oppreſſion. He felt hurt, as a man, for the ill-uſage of me and my family; and, as a Briton, for violated law and liberty. He told me he had been in the camp; and I was miſtaken if I thought that ALL the officers diſapproved my ſermon, or would juſtify the inſult that had been offered this night, to puniſh me for the zeal it diſplayed in promoting the happineſs of human nature. As he was much in the camp, and did not wiſh to be perſonally embroiled in diſputes, he deſired his name might not be mentioned, unleſs I ſhould determine to proſecute. He is ſtill ready to come forward and give his teſtimony in a court of juſtice.

On the day following, that is, on Wedneſday the 21ſt of Auguſt, I had reſided at Brighton juſt four weeks, the term for which I had hired my houſe of Mr. Grantham of Lewes. My friend was to leave the town on the morrow. It was therefore determined that I ſhould accompany him, and haſten, with all my baggage-waggons of ſedition and treaſon, to London. I know not whether the Tower was fortified with additional works on

my

my intention being diſcovered; but to London I went, and Brighton Camp, I ſuppoſe, felt itſelf relieved; like Rome when it had vomited out CATILINE.

At London I had the happineſs of meeting many ſenſible and reſpectable friends, whoſe zeal in the preſent poſture of my affairs evinced their ſincerity. Their friendſhip ſeemed to increaſe from the indignation they felt at the unmerited treatment I had received. They urged me to publiſh my ſermon; aſſuring me it would redound to my honour, confute my adverſaries, and promote the glorious cauſe of peace and humanity. Letters of encouragement, and even congratulation, arrived from various quarters, from ſtrangers of the firſt abilities, who ſigned their names; and from others who choſe to remain in concealment, in times, as they expreſſed it, like theſe.

The affair at firſt could be known only to a few. I had not been in London above two days, before it was ſtated, with ſome inaccuracies, but yet upon the whole with much truth, in ſeveral of the newſpapers which *dared* to relate it. It was ſome time before

the miniſterial papers were ordered to open their maſked batteries of abuſe.

A *Lewes* paper, publiſhed on the twenty-ſixth of Auguſt, was ſhewn me; in which was a very incoherent account of my ſermon, with ſtrange and flighty obſervations upon it. My ſentiments and language were miſrepreſented; but, I believe, without any hoſtile intention, and ſolely from errors of memory and judgment, and the itch of ſcribbling. In the midſt of a very injurious and miſtaken report of my ſermon, praiſes were introduced, which I muſt conſider as hyperbolical. It aſſerted, that *I ſpoke with a flow of eloquence ſcarcely to be equalled!* at the extravagance of which eulogium, I will join in a hearty laugh with my enemies and detractors. This account was in itſelf worthy of little attention; and derived its importance from its immediate diffuſion throughout the neighbouring camp at Brighton, and the ſubſequent copying of its errors into the London papers. Garbled paragraphs, the moſt unfavourable and the moſt untrue, were printed from it, as authentic intelligence from Brighton, in one or two venal publications. All

praiſe

praiſe was omitted; abuſe of the moſt virulent kind ſucceeded. One paper, very confined in its ſale, *though* IN PAY, had the audacity to aſſert "that A MUTINY had actually taken "place in the army, *three days after my pa-* "*cific Sermon.*" I was not indeed ſurpriſed at the offence taken at the nonſenſe and vulgarity which was put into my mouth. From this time it became faſhionable, among a certain deſcription of perſons, to fill private letters, and embelliſh converſation, with every calumny and falſehood which could irritate their own party againſt me, and ſoften, in the minds of the Public, the improper conduct of THE AVENGERS at the Theatre. I have laughed very heartily at the repreſentations which were communicated, in the circles of faſhion, to a family of high rank, and intimately connected with the court, concerning the ſtyle and contents of my ſermon. They told me what they had heard, with great good humour. I ought to have loſt their friendſhip, if what they had heard had been true; but they knew me too well to believe it. I will mention one or two particulars, which they ſaid were generally circulated in that high ſphere.—I had

deſcribed minutely the Prince of Wales's tent; and I had ſaid to the officers, "Pull off your "fine cloaths, and then let us ſee what you "are." I appeal to the bittereſt of my enemies preſent at the ſermon, whether there is the leaſt degree of truth in theſe ridiculous accounts. It were endleſs to enumerate the ſilly things of this kind which were fathered upon me in converſation. The abſurdeſt, yet moſt malicious, was, that I ſaid to the whole *body of privates of the whole camp*, aſſembled in the church, "You fools you, why do you "obey your commanders, who are only a "parcel of knaves and ſycophants?" All who know me will do me the juſtice to aſſert, that I am incapable of ſuch vulgar language in a pulpit, and that I never uttered or entertained ſentiments ſo abſurd and ſo miſchievous. All who heard me will, I am confident, reprobate falſehood ſo contemptible, ſo malevolent, ſo unjuſt. Before God and man, in the moſt ſolemn manner, I affirm that no ſuch doctrine was inculcated by me in my ſermon, or any where elſe, either in theſe words or any other, directly or indirectly. The truth is, that in a very large congregation there were many who

perhaps

perhaps little attended to, or little underſtood, the ſcope of the ſermon; but when it became the ſubject of general converſation, all who were there, were willing to retail a little to thoſe who were abſent. What they underſtood or remembered imperfectly, they ſupplied, merely for ſomething to ſay, by invention. They were unwilling to appear unable to ſatisfy inquirers. The moſt ignorant and illiterate found ſomething to ſay; and thus a thouſand moſt abſurd reports originated from *folly*, and the love of talking for talking ſake. Malice, however, ſeized them, ſtamped them with a counterfeit mark of authenticity, and ſent them to paſs current in the world, among thoſe who had no opportunities of detecting the impoſition. Thus I ſuffered in the opinion of a part of the Public, whoſe eſteem I ſhould certainly have poſſeſſed, if it had known the real intention, the beneficial tendency, the reſpectful manner, and the Chriſtian ſentiments of my diſcourſe.

I will here take the liberty of inſerting a few Extracts and Letters, which I received from voluntary correſpondents.

Extract

Extract from the unſolicited Letter of a Gentleman whoſe abilities and learning, as a writer on politics, are held by the Public in high eſteem. He added praiſes which I chuſe to omit.

" Conſolation would be miſplaced. The " enmity of ſuch wretches is a moſt honour- " able diſtinction; and a miniſter of religion " will feel that he has well performed his " duties, when his admonitions have pro- " voked their rage. Their *wincing* is indeed " a proof that theſe men have more conſcience, " or at leaſt ſhame left, than I ſuppoſed."

Extract from the Letter of a Clergyman whom I ſaw preſent at the Sermon, but a perfect ſtranger, except by NAME *and perſon.*

" The beſt vindication would be to publiſh " the ſermon, and proſecute your aſſailants " at the Theatre; and I think the world will " acquit you of entertaining unfavourable ſen- " timents of the exiſting government of this " kingdom."

***** " An enraged ſon of Mars, the day " the ſermon was preached at Brighton, juſt

" on

" on my coming out of the veſtry, attacked me
" as furiouſly as a bull-dog, and wondered why
" ſuch a d——d fellow ſhould be allowed to
" preach at Brighton;—talked of writing to
" Biſhop——, Archbiſhop——, &c.; enquir-
" ed who was the preacher; branded *me*, now
" and then, with reproach, and uſed ill lan-
" guage, exceedingly unfit for a gentleman."
(N. B. *This, I have reaſon to think, happened in the* CHURCH.)

" I anſwered him in ſhort, that the ſermon
" was but too true; and that no Biſhop what-
" ever would notice any repreſentations, pro-
" vided they were JUST, which could be
" made of it."

" He then took care to circulate a report,
" that I countenanced and defended the ſer-
" mon; and, I aſſure you, I had my doubts,
" but I ſhould have met with ſome inſult
" ſimilar to yours, which you may depend on
" it, I ſhould have reſented, by redreſs from
" that palladium of Britiſh liberty, an Engliſh
" jury."

I reſpect Dr. Knox's motives for not proſecuting those cowardly hot-headed Champions, and I think he is right in acting from ſuch motives; but it is pity they had not ſo ſcandalouſly attacked ſome body who would have called them legally to anſwer for it... Nor is it impoſſible but emboldened by impunity they may on ſome future occaſion have the merits of their heroiſm appreciated by a Jury.

Extract

Extract of a Letter from a Friend, whoſe great abilities and excellent character are reſpected in a large circle of acquaintance.

" Contradictions of the falſehood circulated " in the *True Briton* concerning your diſ- " courſe, would keep up the ſtimulus in your " calumniators.

" Nothing would ſo effectually ſilence the " ſcoundrels, as publiſhing your ſermon; and " yet SCANDAL WOULD INSINUATE that " *you had ſuppreſſed ſome paſſages*; and " your meaning in others would be *wil-* " *fully perverted* by the wretches who are " HIRED to do ſuch DIRTY WORK. Theſe " fellows would be glad to recommend them- " ſelves by abuſing you.*****

" You will get ſome enemies by the ſpirit " with which you have defended CHRISTIAN " HUMANITY againſt tyrants and murderers. " But I hope ſincerely that you may find the " love of honeſt men more than a compenſa- " tion for the malice of the worthleſs. You " are ſure of the beſt ſupport, the comfort of " an approving conſcience. THE REST IS

" INSIG-

" INSIGNIFICANT. ***** The BITTER-
" NESS OF THE TIMES INCREASES." ****

Extract from the Letter of a Correſpondent at Brighton, whoſe ſenſe and virtues are worthy of the higheſt eſteem; and who was preſent at the Sermon, and in the Theatre.

" I fancy the reptiles have ſpit their ſpite,
" done an heroic act before the ladies, and
" will again plume themſelves on their valiant
" exploit of diſturbing a Theatre." ****

" You are in poſſeſſion of more than my
" approbation—of my ſincere admiration of
" your PRINCIPLES, and of your CONDUCT
" too on the late occaſion; nor can the treat-
" ment you received from a mercenary tribe,
" (a ſmall tribe too, remember, not more, I
" believe, than twenty!—and who were
" they?) inſtigated by a deſire of PLEASING
" THE HIGHER POWERS, deprive you of
" the conſciouſneſs of having done *nothing*
" wrong."

" It is a great, but a diſagreeable com-
" pliment paid to you. Unnoticed had been

" a leſs able attempt to inculcate any doc-
" trine."

For the Letter of the Reverend Mr. Mossop, (which was alſo unſolicited,) curate of the pariſh of Brighton, who read Prayers, and ſat in the deſk during my ſermon, I muſt beg leave to refer my Reader to the *Appendix*; where he will find ſeveral other papers, omitted in this place for want of room.

The following is from a perfect ſtranger, who ſigns his name. It incloſed ſome virulent paragraphs from the *True Briton;* VENOM without POINT.

" Sir,

" Permit a ſtranger, who reads and hears
" the various comments, ſtrictures, and con-
" jectures of various parties, on the unex-
" ampled outrage you ſuffered at the Theatre
" at Brighton, to urge you to publiſh the ſer-
" mon, with the ſubſequent circumſtances, as
" ſoon as poſſible; and to advertiſe that ſuch
" is your intention. Name your aſſailants,
" and the regiments they belong to, as far as
" you can poſitively aſcertain them.

" In

" In the " *World*," this day, they admit " the treatment you have received to be un- " juſtifiable. In the paper improperly called " the *True Briton*, you are cenſured with a " ſeverity perfectly characteriſtic of the deſ- " potic party and principles by whom it is " protected and ſupported. They ſeem to " think, by committing you to your Metro- " politan, that you will be made an example, " to deter other honeſt men from doing their " duty, and that they may make them the " *devoted victims* of their dreadful cabals and " intentions. However, Sir, BAD AS TIMES " ARE, an honeſt Engliſhman, doing publicly " his duty, need neither fear the cenſure of a " Biſhop nor the frowns of a Prince. **** " ******.

" I am,
******, Your humble ſervant,
Auguſt 27. ***** *****."

I will add but one more letter: it comes from a perſon unknown; but as he ſays he was preſent at the ſermon, it may properly be inſerted in this place.

" Rev. Sir,

" As a fellow-collegian, as a brother clergyman, and as a hearer of your ſermon at Brighton, which gave ſo much offence to the Military, but which gave me ſo much pleaſure, I take the liberty to trouble you with this;—merely to expreſs my earneſt hope that you will bring to puniſhment, or at leaſt to public notice, thoſe *puppies* who inſulted you in conſequence of their diſapprobation; and that you will alſo print your ſermon;—being aſſured that it will not only be an AMPLE REFUTATION OF CALUMNY, but will alſo give pleaſure to every impartial perſon, and will increaſe your already well-deſerved reputation.——

" **********.

OXFORD, *Sept.* 15. " I am, Sir, *&c.*"

I have many other Letters full of expreſſions of approbation *, and bearing teſtimony to

* I have alſo ſome *inſulting* letters, one a kind of *threatening* letter, one ſilly epiſtle, dated *Wick Camp*, near

to the beneficial tendency of my ſermon; but I forbear to inſert them, leſt I ſhould weary my readers with a repetition. There are many witneſſes to the receipt of the above by the poſt; which I mention, becauſe I am aware that the wicked malevolence of my calumniators will inſinuate ſuſpicions of their authenticity. Their writers would willingly come forward, but I would not let their friendſhip and their honeſty expoſe them to the malice of my adverſaries. Many able and impartial letters on the ſubject have appeared in the independent newſpapers; for which I here make my grateful acknowledgments to the unknown authors, who dared to ſtand forth volunteers in the defence of injured truth, and of an individual likely to be oppreſſed by overbearing influence.

But what, I may be aſked, could offend the officers? I know not; for I ſaid nothing but what their hearts muſt accord to, when un-

near Brighton, and incloſing a painted BLOODY HAND; but they are all too childiſh for my ſerious notice. They ſerved to keep the poor idlers in the camp out of miſchief.—And as to the *hired Paragraph Scribblers*, they *muſt* do ſomething for their *wages*.

biaſſed

biaſſed by miſunderſtanding or miſconception. I am enliſted under no party. I eſpouſed only the general intereſts of humanity. I enforced its dictates by the ſanctions of the Chriſtain religion. If I may venture to conjecture the cauſe of their diſpleaſure, I ſhould ſuppoſe that a paſſion, which Young calls the *univerſal paſſion*, was offended at my detracting ſomething from the pomp and parade of military preparation, and the glory of conqueſt. That paſſion, when offended, is of all perhaps the moſt vindictive. That paſſion might be irritated when, after deploring the calamities of war, I ſaid, that the finery of its externals could not conceal from the eye of humanity its real and ſhocking deformity. Defenſive war, in which alone the militia is concerned, I never cenſured. Offenſive war I did and do reprobate as the diſgrace and calamity of human nature, and equally repugnant to reaſon and to the mild and friendly ſpirit of Chriſtianity. I deſpiſe and abominate deſpotiſm wherever it exiſts; but there were *no deſpots at the church*, there are no deſpots in England, and therefore my

cenſures

cenſures of deſpots could never be conſidered as a perſonal invective on any hearer, or any Britiſh Potentate. Was it pride then, and vanity, that were hurt? I ſhould hope that generoſity in military men would overcome pride, if any exiſted; that it would prevent a numerous and opulent body, *who have ſuffered nothing*, and who *are not even named* or known by me at this hour, from endeavouring to injure and ruin, as far as they can, an individual and his *family;* a family which, whatever may be *his* demerits, are certainly innocent, and worthy every man's kindneſs and protection. As independent as any of my aſſailants in mind, and perfectly eaſy in circumſtances, I want not their aſſiſtance; but they owed me, from their office, protection from violence, if it had been offered from any quarter. I know brave men, grey-headed veterans, whoſe ſwords would have *leaped from their ſcabbards* to defend a clergyman and a woman from the ſlighteſt inſult at a public Theatre. How different thoſe who deliberately took counſel together againſt a clergyman, and aſſembled in a

body

body in a narrow paſſage, to inſult him, while they were driving him from the Theatre, and he made no reſiſtance who were rude and inſolent to a defenceleſs woman and child; and not contented with this, continued to perſecute the inſulted party by virulent invectives againſt them in their abſence: who ſlunk from public cenſure, and did not venture to avow, by their names, the act which they gloried to execute when there was no danger of oppoſition! To call names! the laſt poor revenge of malicious imbecility! To ſuffer miſrepreſentation to go forth in news-papers uncontradicted, after having ſated their revenge by a public outrage! I firmly believe, that the majority of the brave men throughout the army diſapprove ſuch conduct, and bluſh for the degradation of the military character. True magnanimity is never captious; forgives real injuries, is eaſily ſatisfied with conceſſion, and holds out the hand of friendſhip to a conquered adverſary. I made every conceſſion in the Theatre which a gentleman could give, or a gentleman demand; yet I was ſtill pur-

ſued with foul names, that would have diſgraced a ſcolding woman of the loweſt order.

But that generoſity which I have not experienced, I have wiſhed to exerciſe. I might have diſcovered their names by diligent inveſtigation; but I have never inquired; and I know no more of them at this moment, than I do of officers among our Spaniſh, or our Neapolitan auxiliaries. I might have proſecuted them, but I never meditated ſuch revenge. I leave them to their own reflections, and to the opinion which the unprejudiced part of their own profeſſion muſt entertain of their conduct. They ought to have made an apology as public as their offence. It would have diſplayed a noble magnanimity; ſuch, indeed, as cannot be expected from perſons capable of *perſiſting* in mean revenge. Much is to be allowed to the ſurpriſe of ſudden paſſion, and to human infirmity. But perſeverance in illegal vengeance, when the law is open, is inexcuſable in the defenders of law and order. The mode of puniſhment adopted muſt be improper; becauſe, had my ſermon been all that maſs of abſurdity which either they or

their adherents think it right to repreſent it; yet, as our Church is Epiſcopal, as our Conſtitution is inviolate, our Courts of Juſtice pure, a regular proceſs ſhould have been inſtituted. The accuſed has then an opportunity of vindicating his innocence. A ſelf-appointed court-martial and a ſummary proceſs, without giving the culprit leave to defend himſelf, ſtrikes at the very root of public juſtice. They who had recourſe to it, might themſelves ſuffer by the precedent. All men, all profeſſions, all ranks, are deeply concerned in preventing the prevalence of a ſummary proceſs without judge or jury. A breach of the peace from its preſervers is doubly miſchievous. It deſtroys confidence in the legally appointed defenders againſt violence. A riot might have enſued from the outrage at the Theatre. If I had thrown myſelf on the protection of the multitude, who were my friends, the conſequence might have been fatal to my aggreſſors, or to perſons unconcerned. It is ſome aggravation of their furious onſet, that they had *an army of many thouſands* within a *few minutes march* of the ſpot. How dan-

gerous the experiment of riſking a riot in ſuch a cauſe, and in ſuch a place! And if the conſciouſneſs of irreſiſtible power gave confidence, how ungenerous, againſt adverſaries ſo defenceleſs, was ſuch confidence! With arms by my ſide, with confederates at my back, and whole regiments within my call, I would ſcorn to attack any unarmed individual; much leſs one in a profeſſion forbidden defence by arms, and naturally ſeeking of the generous ſoldier that protection which it cannot, conſiſtently with decorum, ſecure to itſelf by force. My enemies triumphed over me. But amidſt all the exultation of their triumph, I would not exchange ſituations with them. In ſuch a rencontre I had rather be the aſſaulted than the aſſailant. The laurels gained in victories like theſe are bluſhing honours.

I was defeated, but not depreſſed. The generous public have ſhown me many marks of approbation. My moſt valuable friends have come forward in my ſupport, with a zeal and ſteadineſs of attachment which would cheer the drooping heart under perſecutions infinitely ſeverer than any which I have endured.

They have indeed conſoled me in the midſt of ſcurrility. But above all, my own mind has conſoled me. The cauſe which I ſupported with an honeſt zeal, and, as it appears, with effect, was a good cauſe. I glory in the cauſe. I will never retract a ſentence that I uttered in maintaining it. Under every affliction, and in the arms of death, it ſhall be my comfort, that I laboured ſtrenuouſly, and in *my proper ſphere*, to ſtop the effuſion of human blood, and to promote peace on earth, and good-will among all that are dignified by the name and the form of MAN, however divided by oceans, or diſtinguiſhed by languages, or detached by forms of government, differently modified, according to their own choice.

But why do I not publiſh my ſermon? Before I anſwer that queſtion I muſt do myſelf the juſtice to aſſure the Public, that I had no knowledge of a little Pamphlet, which I am informed was publiſhed under the title of Dr. Knox's Sermon. It was beneath ſuch formal and ſerious notice as would have been neceſſary to have ſtopt its ſale. I found it a mere tranſcript from an article in a newſpaper, which had been ſome time publiſhed, and

which

which hardly filled a column. It carried with it its own marks of want of authenticity. Enemies, as well as friends, muſt immediately have diſcerned that it was nothing more than a mere contrivance of ſome induſtrious artizan to raiſe himſelf a trifling ſupply, by impoſing on the public curioſity. The purpoſe, I think, muſt have been defeated by the clumſy execution of the projector. I ſlightly mention it now, and caution the Public againſt the deluſion, becauſe I find that zealous partiſans have been baſe enough to hand it about, with an aſſurance that it was genuine. How do truth, juſtice, and benevolence fall before the ſpirit of party! Political frenzy, inflamed by intereſt and ambition, ſeems to trample on all the limits of right and wrong; and men, honeſt in their nature and honeſt in their lives and converſation, become temporary knaves in the ſtruggles of political conteſt. I affirm, that no man who aſſerted the catchpenny pamphlet to be mine, believed it.

But the queſtion recurs, Why do I not publiſh my ſermon? My reply is, that I do not think it would anſwer the expectation which the irrational oppoſition to it has excited,

excited, and that it was not written for publication. I ſought peace. I never took one ſtep to inflame the minds of the people. If I had choſen to publiſh my ſermon, I am told it would have been rapidly diffuſed over the kingdom. It was every where expected with impatience. Whether it would have had a powerful effect or not, let thoſe judge who heard it. I wiſhed ſincerely to avoid the fomenting of troubles and commotion; and I ſuffered a ſermon (calculated in my own opinion only to diffuſe a love of peace and mankind) to ſleep on its ſhelf, leſt, by oppoſing many ſtubborn prejudices which unfortunately prevail at the preſent moment, I might diſturb my own tranquillity, without promoting my grand object, public peace. I do not engage not to publiſh it. It is at hand ready for the preſs, and ſhall make its appearance, if I ſee it likely to effect its ſole purpoſe, that of doing good by teaching univerſal benevolence, inſpiring a love of peace, good government and order. Prejudice at preſent might impede its beneficial effect.

This anſwer to the queſtion why I do not publiſh my ſermon, is addreſſed ſolely to my friends.

friends. My enemies do not clamour for its publication ſo much as my friends, and for a good reaſon. Thoſe among them who have heard it, muſt know, that its publication would evince that their outrageous diſpleaſure, as well as their conſequent violence, was totally unjuſtifiable. It would ſhew their SUPERIORS of how little value has been their ardour in this boaſted ſervice. Staunch champions as they are for loyalty, they would appear to have attacked the territories of a friend and an ally. It would be evident that there had been a prodigal waſte of valour. They would find themſelves qualified to ſay, in the words of the old ſong, "Oh, we have "been fighting where there were no wars." What notice or what reward could be claimed or expected, when it ſhould appear, as they know it would, that they had been attacking one who had been on the late occaſion, as many years before, contending in the ſervice of his King and Country; and of one who had *attempted* more public ſervices to both by his labours, than ſome even of themſelves, who perhaps may not have had equal opportunities or equal ſucceſs, in making their beneficial

neficial exertions oſtenſible. They would find, if they were led by his ſermon to inſpect his other lucubrations, that he has in many of them, to the beſt of his poor abilities, paid honour to the King and defended the Conſtitution; though "*non tali auxilio*," he confeſſes, may be applied to his defence. They would find, imperfect as his endeavours have been, that they have for many years been extending, not only over the Britiſh empire, but to moſt of thoſe foreign countries which ſpeak or cultivate the Britiſh language. It is indeed certain the antagoniſts were not *bound* to know this; for it would be *deſpotiſm indeed* to compel men to read, or force them either, *invitâ Minervâ*, or *invitis ipſis*, to be acquainted with the literary republic, or to pay any regard to the ſtate of literature. Much clergy is not neceſſary when men combat arguments with force. CEDAT TOGA ARMIS, is a glorious motto, in ſpite of that blockhead, Cicero, who was no ſoldier, and made but a poor figure, when his head and hands were cut off by the HERO, Mark Anthony, and nailed on the pulpit, where he had diſplayed his offenſive eloquence. A ſplendid

did triumph of the ſword over the tongue; of brute force over genius, taſte, philoſophy, elegance, humanity, and wit! What are theſe to ſwords and battle-axes?

No—it is impoſſible, as there are many proofs on record, that I am, and have ever been, a peaceable member of the community, a friend to order, a lover of my King and Country; it is impoſſible that any honour or emolument could be beſtowed by the *Givers of good things*, as a remuneration for forcing me to fall back by a RETREAT that is now almoſt as famous as the retreat of the ten thouſand under General Xenophon. No reflection on that General! beſides, if it were, I ſhould be forgiven; for really, Gentlemen, (pray believe me,) he was not in Engliſh pay, but a foreigner and an antient, in a country called Greece, a good way from Brighthelmſtone. In ſpeaking of Xenophon I cannot poſſibly allude to any of my conquerors.

But I beg pardon for the ſhort digreſſion. I was ſaying that the publication of my ſermon would make it appear, that the *inquiſitorial detachment* of forces deſerved no reward for their ſtrenuous ſervices, thus vilely thrown

away againſt a voluntary friend to every thing which they are *paid* by us to protect. My ſermon was a defence of peace, order, law; their attack an illegal and uſeleſs violation of them all.

Away with the ſordid idea! I will not for one moment believe, what has been frequently ſuggeſted to me, that theſe perſons, whoever they were (for I know no more of them than our good friend the Pope at Rome), were incited to diſplay their proweſs and patriotiſm in the Brighton Theatre, in the hope of pleaſing a great Perſonage, reſident in that Town, to whom, as that common liar common Fame reports, ſome of them immediately repaired after the terrible ſermon, and told their tale. Wretchedly miſtaken muſt they have been to think, if they did think, which cannot be true, to riſe in favour of a gracious ſuperior, and procure in future, at court, honour or promotion, by oppreſſing an individual in the exerciſe of his lawful profeſſion, for doing his duty faithfully in the pariſh church, and recommending that Chriſtian religion, that love of peace, and that good order, in which the gracious ſuperior muſt delight, or he would ceaſe to be gracious.

No,

No, no; I have a far better opinion of him than they had, if they thought ſo. It was a fooliſh ſpeculation, to think of claiming to themſelves the merit of *an excluſive loyalty*, and deriving honour and rewards for it, by diſturbing the public peace. It could not be ſo. The gracious ſuperior muſt have laughed them to ſcorn, when they detailed to him the action at the Theatre at Brighton, if, while conſidering their claims, he compared them with thoſe of hardy veterans who were at the ſame moment oppoſing the terrible armies of France. There can be no truth in the ſuggeſtion; and if there were, the publication of my ſermon muſt deſtroy all hopes at once, and make them fall to the ground like a battered redoubt. It would appear immediately, that they had made all this fuſs in combating only a *ſuppoſed* enemy—a paſteboard Sans Culotte—ſtuck up to ſhoot bullets at, for want of better ſport, *right earneſt fleſh and blood*;—a mere phantom cauſed by the fever of loyalty run mad, and patriotiſm in a trance. No, Madam FAME, though thou haſt a thouſand tongues, and all of them hung upon ſwivels, thou ſhalt never perſuade me, that the meaneſt

mortal that ever wore a red coat could poſſibly think to recommend himſelf to the higher powers by routing, in a body, an unreſiſting clergyman and his wife. NOTORIETY, however deſirable in itſelf, ſo obtained would be like the notoriety of a man ſtanding on the pillory;—a *diſagreeable ſervice*, but which would ſeldom entitle the party to *honourable* diſtinction or advancement out of it. I only mention this illiberal ſuggeſtion, as one inſtance to prove how little dependance is to be placed on common report, in times when party-ſpirit runs high; and when many are in the hope of getting a loaf or a fiſh, by hook or by crook, in ſhewing their own zeal to men in power; and miſrepreſenting and driving all others away, leſt they ſhould want to go ſnacks, and ſo, by the multitude of gueſts, leſſen the good cheer. Political PSEUDOLOGY, as it is called by the learned, is too much ſtudied of late, and is but too ſucceſsful. But I will not believe, either that Britiſh *officers* could miſrepreſent a fact for the purpoſe of ingratiating themſelves with a ſuperior; or that a ſuperior would liſten one moment to a tale that tended to injure, in his

opinion, a peaceful individual, known for his attachment to the pureſt ſtate of the conſtitution.

No; I honour the King and the Prince; and I firmly believe that they would ſcorn to perſecute or to oppreſs, at the inſtigation of the moſt OPULENT PEER in the realm, the moſt defenceleſs individual, the moſt abject outcaſt, the moſt forlorn beggar in the Britiſh empire. I may be abuſed, reviled, forced out of Theatres, but no man ſhall rob me of my loyalty. The Father of his people ſhall ever find me a dutiful ſon; and the Prince himſelf ſhall not excel me as a peaceable ſubject, and a friend to law and order. Though he is certainly in all other qualities as much above me, as he is in birth, rank, and the glorious proſpect of one day ruling over a great, enlightened, and a free people, he ſhall not excel me in a zeal for the intereſts of my Country and of the human race.

O Loyalty! O Law! O the Conſtitution! O Liberty!—(yes, I *will* add LIBERTY; for liberty is *conſtitutional* in England, and no man dares to deny it)—how I love you!—You are the parents of peace, plenty, learning, arts, commerce, every thing truly deſireable.

able. I love you all dearly for this; aye, and I love you for ſomething elſe too; for if it had not been for you, O LAW, I ſhould have ſtood but a bad chance in the memorable action of Brighton Theatre. Then "God "bleſs the King and preſerve the Conſtitu-"tion." It is not the prayer of patriotiſm only; but alſo of cordial gratitude. For if the King and the Conſtitution had not interfered, perhaps I ſhould not have been able to pray for them at this moment. In ſome countries I ſhould have been *ſtilettoed* in that horrible dark paſſage there, behind the boxes, a place fit for aſſaſſination. I do not think I ſhould have come ſo well off, as I did, among our good friends the *Neapolitan ſoldiers*. The Auſtrians would have made very ſhort work of it. But IN ENGLAND!—*bleſſed Iſle!*—I will daily thank my God, upon my knees, for the happineſs of being born in a free country—the King covered me with a helmet, the Conſtitution with a ſhield, and the Law with a coat of mail. I marched through my enemies unhurt, for the *Law* and the King, under Providence, were my guards. Hard names break no bones; and though the tongue is a

ſharp

ſharp weapon, yet it does not perforate the ſkin. The drum of the ear, like the regimental drum, *that wonderful agent on the rational ſoul*, is made of tough materials; and indeed, though it cannot, like that great inſpirer of courage, make a great noiſe, yet it can bear a good deal, or it had been broken. Certain it is, that in the exploit of the twentieth of Auguſt, I was under peculiar obligations to the King and the Conſtitution. Then you will not wonder at my repeating ſo ſoon, God bleſs the King, and preſerve the Conſtitution in health and vigour. They ſhall ever continue to be my favourite toaſt; and I will add to them the CHURCH, though I never ſhould get any thing in it, but expulſion from the Play-houſe, and a volley of military ANATHEMAS, which, by the way, I think are quite as good in their effect, and ſomewhat ſimilar, though not quite ſo profane, as the curſing and ſwearing of his Holineſs at the Vatican. Foul words, however, only ſhew the foulneſs of the ſource whence they flow; they do not defile the object of them, like mud thrown upon a white ſtocking. Like a *dirty* action, they only befoul the doer of it.

Indeed,

Indeed, as a thunder-bolt attends thunder, ſo they ſometimes are accompanied with blows, and thruſts, and gaſhes, and tramplings, and *ſimple manſlaughter*; eſpecially if they ſucceed in *ſetting a mob againſt a man, by calling him obnoxious names in public*, as they call a dog mad when they want to get him hanged. But the King and the Conſtitution prevented the hard words from growing, in their natural progreſs, to hard deeds; and here I am, and my wife and children too, by our comfortable fire-ſide, ſafe and ſound;—thanks to the King and Conſtitution, under God. Then play up, MUSIC, "*God ſave the King;*" and I will ſay, *Amen, Amen, and Amen:* and, GOD SAVE THE PEOPLE TOO; for what is a King without the people? But give me leave to deſire the muſicians, while their hands are in, to make an anthem immediately, for Sundays at leaſt, of the words,

"GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST, AND
"ON EARTH PEACE, GOOD-WILL TO-
"WARDS MEN."

If this is ſedition, let the Attorney-General, or a Court-Martial, reviſe the Bible, and blot out the texts prohibited. Dreadful ſedition may

lurk

lurk in that old Book, though the Brightonian phalanx might not know it. If they had, they would have ſeized the church Bible, and carried it to be burnt by the hands of the common hangman, as ſoon as they ſhould have FETTERED *me*

The repetition of the *text* reminds me of my horrible ſermon, which, wonderful to relate, though full of *poiſon*, flowed from theſe very words, (all ſweet as they are, and *ſalubrious*,) as naturally as the ſtreamlet in the meadow from the native fountain. If any of *my* words are ſeditious or treaſonable, I will eat them. That's fair; though I own there is ſcarcely any food which agrees ſo ill with the ſtomach. But I would venture a wager, if I were in the habit of laying wagers, that let all the Attorney-Generals in Chriſtendom, turn and twiſt, and twiſt and turn them, with their ſpectacles on their noſes, as long as they pleaſe, even till the French are brought back to their old Conſtitution, and the Baſtile rebuilt; and they ſhall not find one ſyllable of ſedition or treaſon from the text to the laſt inference. They ſhall, after reading them forwards, read them backwards, like the Hebrews; and then upwards and downwards,

like the Chineſe; and then croſſways, like Bonnell Thornton; and if they find any treaſon in them, I will give them my ſkin to make parchment of, and warrant it whole, notwithſtanding the celebrated rencontre in which, had not the King and Conſtitution interfered, it might have been pierced like a cullender.

But the ſubject of my ſermon recurs. The Miniſterial prints have given pretended quotations from it: I am ſure the authors of thoſe prints never ſaw it, and therefore their quotations muſt be from memory. Great wits have ſhort memories; and of courſe vaſt powers of invention. No wonder, therefore, that the quotations are conſiderably different from the real and genuine compoſition; they are indeed ſadly mutilated; the poor bantlings are ſo disfigured by ill-uſage, that I can hardly recognize any reſemblance. I may, I think, fairly conclude, that, as the papers called the *True Briton* and the *Sun*, and fifty more perhaps throughout the kingdom, have ſelected them, they are intended to exhibit the paſſages which gave offence. I will therefore quote the original ſentences to which they relate, copied literally from my ſermon.

They

They are all, I believe, comprehended in the following detached paragraphs; which I ſelect, *not from any preference*, but *ſolely* becauſe they have been fixed upon by the adverſaries, and publiſhed by them in a moſt imperfect ſtate.

" Let it be deemed by CHRISTIANS a " greater honour to pluck one ſprig of olive, " than to bring home whole loads of laurel; " —to be welcomed by the cordial ſalute " of hearts delighted with the bleſſings of " PEACE RESTORED, than by the forced ex- " ploſion of ten thouſand cannon, and the falſe " brilliancy of a venal illumination." *****

" Ye alſo in the loweſt ranks of ſociety, " wherever ye are diſperſed all over the ha- " bitable globe; ye, our poor brethren, who " are *numbered but not named* when ye fall " for your reſpective countries; who, in fo- " reign climes, happily not in our own, " are looked down upon with ſovereign con- " tempt, and even let out by petty deſpots, " as butchers of your ſpecies, in any cauſe, " for pay; PRESERVE AT LEAST YOUR RE- " LIGION; obey its laws, hope for its com- " forts; bind it round your hearts; and let

" neither the artful philoſopher, by his falſe
" refinements, beguile you, nor the haughty
" oppreſſor, by keeping you in total igno-
" rance, rob you of this treaſure; it is a *pearl*
" *of great price*; lock it up in the caſket of
" your boſoms, there to remain through life,
" inviolate; it is your only riches; but it
" makes you opulent in the midſt of poverty,
" and happy in the midſt of woes, which,
" without it, would be ſcarcely tolerable."****

" If the Chriſtian religion in all its purity,
" and in its FULL FORCE, were ſuffered to
" prevail univerſally, the ſword of offenſive
" war muſt be ſheathed for ever, and the din
" of arms would at laſt be ſilenceed in perpe-
" tual peace. Glorious idea!—I might be
" pardoned, if I indulged the feelings of en-
" thuſiaſtic joy at a proſpect ſo tranſporting.
" PERPETUAL AND UNIVERSAL PEACE!—
" the jubilee of all human nature! Pardon
" my exultation, if it be only an illuſive pro-
" ſpect. Though the viſion be fugacious as
" the purple tints of an evening ſky, it is en-
" chanting. To view it is no leſs innocent
" than delightful. The very thought furniſhes
" a rich banquet for Chriſtian benevolence.

" But

" But let us pauſe in our expreſſions of
" joy; for when we turn from the fancied
" elyſium to ſad reality, to ſcenes of blood
" and deſolation, we are the more ſhocked by
" the diſmal contraſt. Let us then leave
" ideal pictures; and conſider a moment the
" moſt rational means of promoting, as far as
" in our power, *perpetual and univerſal peace.*
" If war be a ſcourge, as it has been ever
" called and allowed to be, it muſt be in-
" flicted for our offences. Then let every
" one, in every rank, the moſt elevated as
" well as the moſt abject, endeavour to pro-
" pitiate the Deity, by innocence of life and
" obedience to the divine law, that the ſcourge
" may no longer be neceſſary. Let him add
" his prayers to his endeavours, that devaſta-
" tion may no more waſte the ripe harveſt,
" (while many pine with hunger,) burn the
" peaceful village, level the hut of the harm-
" leſs cottager, overturn the palace, and de-
" face the temple; deſtroying, in its deadly
" progreſs, the fine productions of art as well
" as of nature:—but that the ſhepherd's pipe
" may warble in the vale, where the ſhrill
" clarion and the drum's diſſonance now grate

" harſhly

" harſhly on the ear of humanity—that *peace*
" *may be within and without our walls*, and
" plenteouſneſs in our cottages as well as in
" our palaces;—that we may learn to rejoice
" in *ſubduing* ourſelves, our PRIDE, *whence*
" *cometh contention*, and all other malignant
" paſſions, rather than in REDUCING FAIR
" CITIES TO ASHES, and erecting a blood-
" ſtained ſtreamer in triumph over thoſe
" who may be fallen indeed—but fallen in
" defending with bravery, even to death,
" their wives, their children, their houſes, and
" their altars, from the deſtroying dæmon of
" offenſive war."

All the above paſſages have, I believe, been partially and ignorantly cited, at various times, in various diurnal publications, ſo as to render them ſcarcely intelligible.

I concluded my ſermon with the following Prayer, which has been pretty faithfully repreſented in ſome of the more candid papers, but, at the ſame time, abbreviated.

" O thou God of mercy, grant that the
" ſword may return to its ſcabbard for ever,
" that the religion of Jeſus Chriſt may be

" duly

" duly underſtood, and its benign influence
" powerfully felt, by all kings, princes, ru-
" lers, nobles, counſellors, and legiſlators on
" the whole earth,—that they may all com-
" bine, in a league of philanthropy, to en-
" force, by reaſon and mild perſuaſion, the
" law of love, or Chriſtian charity, among
" all mankind, in all climes, and in all ſects;
" conſulting, like ſuperior beings, the good
" of thoſe beneath them;—not endeavour-
" ing to promote their own power and ag-
" grandizement by force and arms,—but
" building their thrones and eſtabliſhing their
" dominion on the hearts of their reſpective
" people, preſerved from the horrors of war
" by their prudence and clemency; and en-
" joying, exempt from all unneceſſary bur-
" thens, the fruits of their own induſtry;
" —every nation thus bleſt, permitting all
" others under the canopy of Heaven to en-
" joy the ſame bleſſings, uninterrupted, in
" equal peace and ſecurity.

" O melt the hard heart of pride and am-
" bition, that it may ſympathiſe with the
" loweſt child of poverty. And grant, O
" thou God of order, as well as of mercy

" and

" and love, that we of this happily conſtituted
" nation may never experience the curſe of
" deſpotiſm on one hand; nor, on the other,
" the cruel evils of anarchy; that as our
" underſtandings become enlightened by ſci-
" ence, our hearts may be ſoftened by hu-
" manity; that we may be ever free, not
" uſing our liberty as a cloak for licentiouſ-
" neſs; that we may all, in every rank and
" degree, live together peaceably in Chriſtian
" love, and die in Chriſtian hope; and that
" all nations which the Sun irradiates in his
" courſe, united in the bonds of amity, may
" unite alſo in the joyful acclamation of the
" text, with heart and voice, and ſay,—
" *Glory to God in the higheſt, on earth peace,*
" *good-will towards men.*"

Such, I declare in the moſt ſolemn manner, in the face of Heaven and earth, was the general tendency of my whole ſermon; a ſermon which, in its conſequences, has alarmed my family, given trouble to my friends, and expoſed me to the venomous ſhafts of ſlander. But I ſcorn complaint, and mean nothing but juſt repreſentation. I claim not the leaſt praiſe

in

in the compoſition of the ſermon. It was almoſt extemporaneous. My enemies allowed that I delivered it feelingly; and indeed it did come from my heart. That was all its merit. My error, if there was any, was the error of my head; a zeal in a good cauſe, not checked by the cold reſtraints of worldly policy.

I will endeavour to recapitulate the heads of my diſcourſe with brevity. I was guided by my text, and adhered to it cloſely. My remarks were not perſonal. I ſpoke of peace and war in general. I cenſured neither *our* Government nor *our* Army. I urged the neceſſity of piety to God among the *Great*, in an age, when a mighty people, whether with ſufficient reaſon I knew not, were accuſed of *Atheiſm*. I particularly recommended Chriſtianity, for its beneficial effects on civil ſociety. This led me to the ſecond topic, *Peace*. I deſcribed, as I felt in imagination, the miſeries of the SEAT OF WAR. I endeavoured to diveſt *war* of thoſe aſſumed ſplendors, and that appearance of gaiety and happineſs, which do not belong to it, but which ſeduce the unthinking to view it as a PASTIME. I proceeded to the third point, *Good-will towards men*; and endeavour-

ed to check that vanity and diſſipation, which, ſeeking to make a figure, and ſtudying ſelfiſh gratification, forgets the duties of philanthropy, forgets that all men are the ſons of one father; and can hear or read of the ſlaughter of thouſands and tens of thouſands, and of anguiſh unutterable in the field of battle, with joy or indifference; while it weeps over the diſtreſſes of a novel, or the fictitious woes of a tragedy. I endeavoured to recommend to cabinets and legiſlatures, *not to our own in particular*, but to ALL in the civilized world, the *principles* of goſpel charity, as the beſt principles of every government and ſound ſtate-policy. I pleaded the cauſe of the POOR, and the diſtreſſed and oppreſſed in all countries;—and, if it pleaſe God to give me health, I will continue to plead the ſame cauſe without fee or reward—*dum Spiritus hos regit artus*,—believing it to be my COMMISSION and duty, as a clergyman, to preach peace and philanthropy, as much as it is the ſoldier's commiſſion and duty to wage war faithfully, and PROTECT THE INJURED ON ALL OCCASIONS, by all LAWFUL means, when he has once entered into the military profeſſion.

If for this I muſt ſuffer calumny, deſertion, perſecution, I am content. The cauſe ſhall teach me to bear the conſequence cheerfully. My fellow-creatures will do me the juſtice to remember, that I ſhall ſuffer for *being their advocate*, totally unconnected with party, cheerfully renouncing, in this conduct, all views of preferment, of ſordid intereſt, or mean ambition. Happy in a plentiful competence, and a contented mind, I aſk no increaſe, I fear no diminution. Thus independent, I will ever ſpeak my ſentiments with freedom, when called upon by my duty. They are all friendly to man, all favourable to my country; therefore they will bear avowal, and require no ſervile and ſelfiſh reſerve. Nor is this a ſyſtem of conduct *newly* adopted. In aſſerting a ſpirit of independence, imbibed from an early ſtudy of the Greek and Roman hiſtory, I have at leaſt been conſiſtent. Let thoſe decide, who have honoured me with reading what I have written in my retirement, or with hearing what I have preached to the inhabitants of my little hamlet, whether I have not laboured to promote the happineſs of both reader and hearer, by faithfully de-

fending the cauſe of truth on all ſubjects on which I have written or ſpoken, without time-ſerving, or a ſordid and cowardly reſerve. My zeal has, doubtleſs, been often a miſtaken zeal; but it has been always an honeſt zeal. My party is the party of humanity. Influenced by that party, and that alone, I was zealous on a late occaſion, in my proper ſphere, and in the lawful exerciſe of my profeſſion, to prevent war by the mild arts of perſuaſion. Feeble arts indeed, eſpecially in my hands! but I am ſtill equally zealous in the ſame glorious cauſe. It is the cauſe of God and man. And if I could ſucceed in ſerving it in the ſmalleſt degree, if it were only in turning the minds of men in power, throughout all belligerent nations, to think duly on the ſubject, I ſhould deem it a greater honour than a triumph, a ſtatue, a ribbon, a coronet, or even a triple mitre. Coats of arms I value not; but let my motto be through life, "Glory to God on high, on earth peace, "good-will towards men." The olive branch ſhall be my emblem, *et ſub hoc ſigno vincam*. I retired, indeed, from ſuperior numbers in the Theatre, on the ſame principles which impelled

impelled the Duke of Brunſwick to retreat from Jemappe, the Duke of York from Dunkirk, and Prince Cobourg from Maubeuge. But like them, pardon my preſumption in pretending a reſemblance, I ſcorned to relinquiſh the cauſe. From neceſſity I ſurrendered my ſeat in the box, on the firſt ſummons; becauſe the ſummons was followed up with a force which no individual could ſucceſsfully oppoſe. But I ſurrendered not the free-born mind, and the rights which I poſſeſs from this happy Conſtitution. The unlawful attack of conſcious power confirmed me more in my diſlike of force uſurping the place of argument, and in my ſettled abhorrence of all modes and degrees of tyranny. I acknowledge myſelf defeated, but not confuted; compelled to yield my ſeat, but not my opinion. My conquerors will find it much more difficult to prove to the world, that war is not one of the greateſt calamities of human nature, than it was to extrude him, who aſſerted it to be ſo, in the PULPIT, from a place that he had purchaſed for himſelf and family, at a public and licenſed Theatre. It is eaſier to break the law, than to prove that it ought

to

to be broken. The point of a bayonet may produce a temporary ſilence and ſubmiſſion, in him whoſe duty it is to preach what he reads in the goſpel; but it cannot eraſe from that goſpel, "*Love your enemies*,"—"*Bleſſed* "*are the peace-makers*,"—"*Do unto others as* "*you wiſh they ſhould do unto you*," and many other paſſages, tending to unite the hearts of all men in love and union. The prophet Iſaiah, certainly a bold preacher, ventures to ſay, "NATION SHALL NOT LIFT UP "SWORD AGAINST NATION; NEITHER "SHALL THEY LEARN WAR ANY MORE;" which, were I a liege-born ſubject of Turkey or Algiers, of Monomotapa or Monomugi, I might contend, is libellous, ſcandalous, mutinous, ſeditious, and rebellious. Were I a native of the South Sea Iſlands, I would ſend it to the Attorney General of *Owhyee*. I would pull the preacher from the pulpit, if I were a CANNIBAL, becauſe ſuch doctrine would make MEAT dear. But enjoying, as I do, the bleſſing of living in a free country, a Chriſtian country, and under a King no leſs remarkable for his attachment to the Chriſtian religion, than his native mildneſs and philanthropy, I will contend, that all thoſe fine ſentences in the

ſacred

ſacred volume, conduce at once to the glory of God who gave them, to the proſperity of the ſtates that maintain them, and to the honour and happineſs of human nature, wherever they are *permitted* to prevail. I hope *military force* will never be uſed to prevent their prevalence. I hope they will ultimately prevail againſt all *military force;* and that the time may come, under their influence, when mortars, cannons, howitzers, ſhells, balls, bullets, muſkets, fuſees, bayonets, long ſwords, ſhort ſwords, broad ſwords, will only be ſhewn as curioſities in the collection of ſome antiquarian virtuoſo, while ſpectators ſhall wag their heads and ſay with ſmiles, " How fooliſh were our " forefathers to uſe ſo much ingenuity in " the arts of deſtroying life, when DEATH " is driving on his triumphal car, and every " MOMENT cruſhing with his wheels, or " mowing with his ſcythe, youth, beauty, " ſtrength, grandeur, ſcience, genius, virtue, " and piety, with undiſtinguiſhing and re- " ſiſtleſs fury! How much wiſer we who " have learned to beat *their* ſwords into " ploughſhares, and *their* ſpears into pruning " hooks. It was the Goſpel which effected

" this

" this happy change. *Man* no longer views
" *man* as his enemy. He exerts the ſtrength
" of his body in *ſubduing* the earth; his mind
" in arts, ſciences, in every thing which
" adorns, refines, and ſweetens his *brief* ex-
" iſtence. His affections, no longer exaſpe-
" rated by conſidering his fellow-creature as
" his deſtroyer, are all bland, and gentle and
" kind; and he feels and communicates joy
" and comfort to all who are within the
" ſphere of his activity. Fooliſh anceſtors!
" ſtudying the arts of deſtroying and impo-
" veriſhing each other, when the world is
" wide enough, and fertile enough, to contain
" us all, and make us happy, and as merry
" as our hearts can hold. THE FOLLY OF
" WAR, in old times, might conſtitute one of
" the beſt topics for our merry-makings, if it
" were not tinged a little too much with the
" diſmal and the tragical."

May the goſpel be faithfully preached, and produce this revolution. But the attempt is premature; the time is not yet come, ſays an objector. It will never come, ſay I, unleſs we labour in our vocation to accelerate its arrival. In the ſcripture-language we are taught to do

our

our duty " *in ſeaſon and out of ſeaſon;*" and not be reſtrained by fear, or by worldly politics, from promoting the benign purpoſes of the kingdom of heaven. We muſt not be *traitors to the King of heaven* in the fear of retarding our own preferment at a human court. *What ſhall it profit?*

But let us not think too badly of the times, for there are who have boldly laboured to promote the goſpel doctrines of peace in ſpite of worldly politics, and thoſe too in a high and honourable ſtation. The BISHOP OF LLANDAFF will, I hope, pardon me for taking the liberty of quoting from him ſome paſſages in a ſermon printed, among others, in octavo, in the year 1788, and publiſhed by Mr. Thomas Evans of Paternoſter-Row. In page 111 of that volume, commence the following paſſages, worthier of attention, as far as I can judge, than any thing which my mediocrity was able to advance in the church of Brighton.

" Were all the nations of the earth," ſays that able Prelate, " converted to the Chriſtian " religion, and the individuals of thoſe na- " tions not *nominal* merely, but *real Chri-*

" ſtians, it would be *utterly impoſſible* for a
" ſtate of war EVER to have a beginning
" amongſt them. But unhappily for man-
" kind neither of theſe events is likely ſoon
" to take place. Chriſtianity hath amended
" the lives, and elevated the hopes, of a few
" individuals, but has it FULLY AND VIR-
" TUALLY PERVADED THE HEARTS AND
" COUNCILS OF PRINCES, FROM WHENCE
" ARE THE ISSUES OF PEACE AND WAR?"

" The councils of princes are uſually go-
" verned either by the princes themſelves, or
" by a few individuals of their own appoint-
" ment, who being in moſt countries free
" from human animadverſion, and the fear
" of puniſhment, too frequently ſuppoſe them-
" ſelves ſuperior to all controul. Men of this
" ſtamp, if they do not look upon religion as
" a human contrivance, invented by ſtateſmen
" to keep the ignorant in awe, are apt to con-
" ſider its influence as limited to the *concerns*
" *of private life.* The proſperity of the ſtate,
" or, which with *them* is the *ſame thing*, the
" *gratification of their ambition*, or any other
" PASSION, they think may be proſecuted by
" ALL POSSIBLE MEANS; *in public tranſac-*

" *tions* they acknowledge *no juſtice*, but what
" ſprings from *utility*, and is regulated there-
" by.******There can be no doubt that indi-
" viduals, with principles ſuch as theſe, ARE
" NOT CHRISTIANS. THEY MAY BE PO-
" TENT PRINCES, EXPERIENCED STATES-
" MEN, ABLE GENERALS; BUT THEY ARE
" NOT CHRISTIANS.

" Chriſtianity in its regards, ſteps beyond
" the *narrow bounds of national advantage*, in
" QUEST OF UNIVERSAL GOOD. It does
" not encourage *particular patriotiſm* in op-
" poſition to GENERAL BENIGNITY; or
" prompt us to *love our country* at the EX-
" PENCE OF OUR INTEGRITY; or allow us
" to indulge our *paſſions* to the *detriment of*
" *thouſands*. *It looks upon all the human race,*
" *as children of* THE SAME FATHER, *and*
" *wiſhes them* EQUAL *bleſſings*. In ordering
" us to do good, to LOVE AS BRETHREN,
" to forgive injuries, and to *ſtudy peace, it*
" *quite annihilates the diſpoſition for martial*
" *glory*, and utterly DEBASES THE POMP OF
" WAR.******

" Brave and unfortunate iſlanders! (the Cor-
" ſicans,) ye ſtemmed, for a time, the torrent

" of tyranny, in hopes that ſome of the ſtates
" of Europe would have enabled you to repel
" it with ſucceſs. YE SHED WITH ARDOUR
" YOUR BEST BLOOD AT THE SHRINE OF
" FREEDOM. Overpowered at length, de-
" ſponding, and deſerving of a better fate, ye
" fell;—lamented by every friend of hu-
" manity, *aſſiſted by* NONE.

" Was it the *ſpirit of Chriſtianity* which
" *combined* in an *unnatural union*, three of
" the moſt POWERFUL SOVEREIGNS IN
" EUROPE, and induced them to plan and
" effectuate the diſmemberment of *Poland?*
" ******We ourſelves paid no attention either
" to Corſica or Poland,—we either had not a
" diſpoſition, or were not in a condition. We
" were, by ſome means or other, prevented
" from ſtanding forth the protectors of theſe
" two devoted countries. Other nations may
" be in a like ſituation with reſpect to us;
" and a FEW ARBITRARY PRINCES OF THE
" CONTINENT, who LOOK UPON THEIR
" PEOPLE AS BRUTAL PROPERTY, their
" KINGDOMS AS PRIVATE ESTATES, their
" miniſters as STEWARDS, and STANDING
" ARMIES AS COLLECTORS OF THEIR
" RENTS,

"RENTS, MAY CONSPIRE TOGETHER TO
"ANNIHILATE THE LITTLE REMAINING
"LIBERTY OF EUROPE, and yet preſerve a
"BALANCE OF DESPOTISM among them-
"ſelves.******

"Was it the SPIRIT OF CHRISTIANI-
"TY which has prompted, not *African*, but
"EUROPEAN PRINCES, to TRAFFICK IN
"BLOOD, to make a *profit* of the BUTCHERY
"OF THEIR PEOPLE? Gracious God! whence
"is it that MAN, the nobleſt of thy terreſtrial
"works, can ſo far forget the *dignity of his*
"*nature*, become ſo deaf to every CALL OF
"HUMANITY, as to MURDER thoſe who never
"*injured him* or his country, never gave him
"or his country occaſion of offence?******

"——IBI FAS, UBI PLURIMA MERCES.

"I hope it will not be thought indecorous
"to have ſpoken thus freely concerning ſuch
"*practices of* SOVEREIGN PRINCES, as appear
"TO BE WHOLLY REPUGNANT TO THAT
"GOSPEL BY WHICH, AND BY WHICH
"ALONE, THEY and WE muſt look for ſalva-
"tion and eternal life. The hour may be at
"hand to ſome of us, it cannot be far off

"from

" from any, when this tremendous truth will " be better underſtood. In the mean time, " IT IS OUR (the clergy's) ESPECIAL DUTY, " to repreſent the RIGHTS OF HUMANITY as " of far more value than the ARTS OF SOVE- " REIGNTY; THE LAWS OF CHRISTIANITY " as far more ſacred than the CUSTOMS of " civil ſociety."

****** " This, you will think, is plain " ſpeaking," continues the Biſhop. " The " PLACE FROM WHICH IT IS SPOKEN " REQUIRES PLAIN SPEAKING AT ALL " TIMES; on a day eſpecially of ſolemn hu- " miliation for our ſins, you would not expect " to hear any lax, *temporizing principles* of " morality from the PULPIT. Alas! let us " ſpeak as plainly as we can, *we have no* " *great expectation of being regarded.******* " SELFISHNESS has baniſhed HONESTY; and " CHRISTIANITY, becauſe it will not *truckle* " *to our paſſions or our intereſts*, has loſt all ITS " HOLD ON OUR CONSCIENCES."—****

I muſt quote no more for want of room. The reader, who, I hope, wiſhes for it all, muſt be referred to a ſermon preached before the Univerſity of Cambridge, by R. Watſon, D. D. F. R. S.

F. R. S. Lord Biſhop of Llandaff, and the King's Profeſſor of Divinity in the Univerſity of Cambridge. It is the fifth in the octavo volume of his ſermons, collected and *republiſhed* by himſelf in 1788, eight years after it was preached, and therefore no ſudden effuſion. It is an honour to Epiſcopacy.

My ſermon, compared with his Lordſhip's, as to freedom of expreſſion, is *courtier-like*. I have not been able to follow either his precept or his example. What if his Lordſhip had preached it before the military inquiſition in Brighton church, inſtead of the *Univerſity of Cambridge*? Why, you will ſay, that if he had been profane enough to have gone to the Play-houſe two or three days afterwards, as I was, the ſaid inquiſition, or their delegates, would have *torn his lawn ſleeves for him*, and perhaps have called him a Scoundrel, a Raſcal, and a Democrat. Now I ſay no, Sir; no ſuch thing. They would not have torn his lawn ſleeves. Though the Biſhop's ſermon would have been infinitely *more provoking*, inaſmuch as it is infinitely more excellent than mine, they would have behaved to him with reſpect, or the politeneſs characteriſtic of their

I thank
Doctor, n
only for th
pleasure I f
at the reade
of sentime
so accordant
the Gospel of
Kingdom of G
as yours; bu
also for thi
indication of
Watson's fas
sermon, wh
(from some hi
said of it in t
Monthly R
view at its f
Publication) I e
nestly wished
see, which I
myself, whic
some of my fi
friends, an
even my
friend's frien
have in vain
sought for
nor did any
thing I have
seen in the R
view concern
the Collection
give me room
was in that V

1788,
think it
same

their profeſſion. Such champions do not attack members of the Houſe of Lords. ME they thought they might annihilate, if they pleaſed; me, one of the loweſt of the clergy, at the bottom of the profeſſion; a mere private, one of the *rank and file*. Before the Revolution in France, great people uſed to drive over little people in the ſtreets of Paris, cruſh them to atoms, and ſay no more than, "Drive on, coachman, it is only a Sans "Culotte; there are enough left." But *they order theſe matters better in England*: Thanks TO THE KING AND CONSTITUTION; yea! bleſſed be thoſe laws which preſerve a clergyman, without a caſſock to his back, from the ſword of the violent, with as much care and tenderneſs for him as for the lawn ſleeves of the mitred ſage.

Now I do not wiſh to make his Lordſhip *particeps criminis*; but as he, on the ſame ſubject, and before a whole Univerſity, whence his ſentiments muſt flow in channels in all directions over the kingdom, went much greater lengths than I did, and met with applauſe, I cannot but think there is no criminality on either ſide. CRIMINALITY! There

is

is a bar, at which thoſe who dare to ſtigmatize an honeſt zeal in the cauſe of humanity as a crime, may find in their need as little mercy as they have been inclined to ſhew to their fellow-creatures, during their *little brief authority* in this vale of woe.

CRIMINALITY in wiſhing to terminate the calamity of war! On ſuch a charge, I addreſs not venal ſocieties, intereſted courtiers, ſneaking placemen, penſioners, expectants; but you, ye widows and ye orphans; you, ye poor mangled brethren; you alſo, ye PALE DEPARTED CORPSES! and, though I ſpeak to cold and ſenſeleſs ears when I ſpeak to *you*; yet your blood cries to high heaven for mercy to mankind, and pleads powerfully, and, I hope, ſucceſsfully, to thoſe of your fellow-creatures who have it in their power, to ſay, in the commanding language of the ſcriptures, "O THOU "SWORD, HOW LONG WILL IT BE ERE "THOU BE QUIET? PUT UP THYSELF "INTO THY SCABBARD; REST, AND BE "STILL *." Slain ere ye had taſted the ſweets of life, even in the early morning of your day, the flinty heart of *avarice* regards

* Jer. xlvii. 6.

you not, *ambition* is too much engaged, and *vanity* too ſelfiſh to feel for any but itſelf; but RELIGION ſhall ſhed a tear over you, and daily pour her oriſons, that your few and evil days in this world may be compenſated by a happineſs where love ſhall reign, and war be no more.

But I muſt deſiſt. Yet not till I have made my final declaration. I profeſs myſelf one who thinks war, offenſive war, at once deteſtable, deplorable, and ridiculous. I profeſs myſelf the friend of the people, the friend of all mankind, in all countries, and of all colours; the low as well as the high, the high as well as the low; it is enough that they are fellow-men, alike born, alike to die; all of them, however diſtinguiſhed for a few ſhort years, doomed to mortality, like myſelf, and ſubject to the thouſand miſeries fleſh is heir to;—to all of them, and not to any little party, *excluding all others* from love and mercy, I avow myſelf, in all that I ever preached and wrote, the diſintereſted friend; and when I ceaſe to be ſo, may God Almighty palſy this tongue that has pleaded their cauſe with energy, and wither this hand which has often

written in their ſervice; and which, for that reaſon alone, is now compelled to hold the pen in defence of myſelf and thoſe I love, from envy, hatred, and anger, ſtudiouſly foſtered and diſſeminated by *inviſible agents*, who, not content with a public inſult, add to it, for its palliation in the eyes of others, *private obloquy*. It is obſerved, by thoſe who have ſtudied human nature, that *they* are the leaſt inclined to *forgive* who *committed* the wrong. Then let me have the honour and happineſs of freely forgiving *them*, who inſulted *me* and *mine* unlawfully, indecently, and without cauſe. I do forgive them. I know not one of them; no, not even by name. I deſire not to expoſe them. For me they are ſheltered ſafely in their retirements. I wiſh them a merry Chriſtmas in their winter-quarters, wherever they may be. May their mirth, at that happy ſeaſon of love and friendſhip, be uninterrupted by DREAMS OF DEMOCRATS, and may they never have to encounter more dangerous foes than ſuch as they have been uſed to engage and put to flight; SUPPOSED ENEMIES, on the Downs, and in the Theatre of Brighton!

☞ *The following paper was prefixed to the former Editions; but as it impeded by its length the progreſs of the Reader to the Narrative, I have changed the ſituation, and now inſert it at the cloſe.*

PROLEGOMENA.

Occaſioned by the Addreſs of certain Perſons who are UNKNOWN; but who, in the *anonymous* Autography of their *Requiſition*, *Manifeſto*, or *Mandate*, directed and ſent to Dr. KNOX, in Brighton Theatre, denominated themſelves, "THE GENTLEMEN "OF THIS THEATRE."

WHEN one man accoſts another by name in the ſtreet, who has not the pleaſure of knowing him, the man ſo accoſted uſually returns the civility of taking off his hat, ſaying at the ſame time; "Sir, you have the advan-"tage of me."

Upon my word, *Gentlemen of* THIS *Theatre*, I muſt confeſs that *you* have, in this ſenſe, the advantage of *me*. I ſee indeed my own name on the back of the note

which

which you did me the honour to ſend me; but, in the inſide, I ſee no name at all, and can find no appellation with which to addreſs you, but that which, in the note, you yourſelves have thought proper to aſſume, *videlicet*, "THE GENTLEMEN OF THIS THEATRE." I never ſaw your faces before, and I have never heard your names ſince;—ſo that you moſt certainly have the advantage of me. *Non ſumus ergo pares.—Impar congreſſus.—Do lubens manus.*

That point is very clear. I certainly do not know *who* you are; it remains to be decided *what* you are. Let me put on my ſpectacles, and look at your own manuſcript note once more.—"*The—Gentlemen*—OF—*this*—"*Theatre;*"—OF this Theatre,—"OF,"—that is,—the Gentlemen OF or *belonging to* this Theatre.—Aye; there I have it, ſure enough. The Gentlemen of this Theatre muſt be the PLAYERS; the Gentlemen of the Sock and Buſkin, belonging to Brighton Theatre.—— "Your ſervant, Gentlemen; I like you too "well to leave you yet.—*Pardonnez moi.*"

I take off my ſpectacles with the ſatisfaction of a man who has juſt made a diſcovery; and, turning them round and round with my finger,

I turn

I turn the diſcovery in my thoughts at the ſame time.—But I find it will not do;—it cannot be ſo. The Gentlemen Players are gentlemen too well bred and too diſcreet, to turn out the ſpectators,—their cuſtomers,—quiet people too, who diſturb nobody, and have juſt paid for five ſeats in the boxes.—Beſides, you ſee "the Gentlemen of this "Theatre" are here cloſe behind us,—coming along with their own letter themſelves, like the Iriſhmen.—See, ſee, they are clad in *military uniform;*—they *cannot* be the Players; they are ſoldiers in *right earneſt.*—Do obſerve their *uniform.*

"Pſhaw!" ſays my friend, "for that mat-"ter, and as to the military uniform, the "Players have all ſorts of dreſſes; and "could furbiſh up a little company of ſol-"diers, in the twinkling of an eye, out of "their theatrical wardrobe;—ſoldiers that "would look as well, I warrant you, as theſe "do, for the matter of *look*, if *that's all*, "and it *is* a *great deal.* They need only "call in thoſe uſeful auxiliaries, at a "*pinch*, the candle-ſnuffers; or thoſe gentle-"men that are ſo well ſkilled in manœu-"vring, the ſcene-ſhifters; and depend upon

"it

" it that is the caſe. There is no abſolute " impoſſibility, but that theſe perſonages, " though in a ſubaltern ſphere, may have " ſtyled themſelves; with ambitious aſpira- " tion, " *The* Gentlemen *of* THIS *Theatre.*"

Very good, very good indeed!—This is a part of the *play* then;—excellent, i'faith; moſt excellent!—This is the "*Agreeable Surpriſe*" then, that was announced in the play-bill for to-night's amuſement. I thought the *play* was over;—but there now lies the *ſurpriſe*;—it is *not* over,—this is the *ſixth* act.—Well, the more for money the better. This is ſomething *ſurpriſing* indeed; and prodigiouſly *agreeable*, I own. But I did not know that I was one of the *dramatis perſonæ*;—they ſhould have acquainted ME *beforehand*; I was quite ignorant of the PLOT:—but the *Gentlemen of this Theatre* have ſent me directions, I ſuppoſe, in THIS BILLET. Well, let us read on.——Oh!—I ſee, I muſt go out; muſt not I?—I am but a *novice in theatricals*; but I am docile—willing to learn.—I ſee, by my inſtructions, I muſt go out *immediately*,—ſurrounded, I ſuppoſe, by my *life-guards*. Egad! I ſhall be as proud as an emperor, as I march through the narrow defile, lined on each

ſide

ſide with janizaries, paying me obeiſance!—This is a mighty pretty play indeed: but I am in the *dark*—quite in the dark ſtill—as to the *plot*; the prompter however calls, and I muſt go. You, *Gentlemen of this Theatre*, have the goodneſs to give me my *cue*, and let me know what I am to do *next*. I am all compliance. Cannot the ladies here at my right hand perform any part in this *agreeable ſurpriſe*? I ſee they are following.—Bravo!—It will be a fine proceſſion! it will have a rare effect!—Yet the worſt of it is, *Gentlemen of this Theatre*, the audience cannot ſee what paſſes in this diſmal lobby: but they will *ſee bye and bye*, I dare ſay.

Heyday!—What now?—You are very *noiſy* methinks, *Gentlemen of this Theatre*.—What! are all thoſe ill names, and all that foul language, in the play-book?—Are you ſure you are right?—Do you proceed according to the book?—It cannot be. Why, I hear nothing but ſtark nonſenſe;—neither wit, nor humour, nor rhyme, nor reaſon;—downright vulgar ſcurrility and balderdaſh. If this be humour, it is both *low* humour and *ill* humour. The ladies and I do not chuſe to act in ſo ill-choſen a play. For my own part, I think you muſt

have made ſome miſtake; I am ſure you are all acting out of your character.

Let me look at you once more. I wiſh there was more light in this paſſage. Good lack! if I ſee clearly, you are the very identical gentlemen whom I ſaw ſitting, during the firſt five acts of the play, on the oppoſite ſide of the houſe, which, I obſerved, was nearly empty when we all ſet out in this proceſſion; the very ſame, no doubt. I have a perfect remembrance of that thin ſwarthy gentleman's face; but I neither know his quality nor his name. All I know is, that theſe grand perſonages cannot be the *players*. I ſee how it is now. Their honours have purchaſed all the boxes for the ſeaſon, or got a patent juriſdiction over the whole houſe; and ſo, though they do not, properly ſpeaking, *belong to the Theatre*, as I too precipitately concluded from their calling themſelves the *Gentlemen of this Theatre*, yet the *Theatre belongs to them*; aye, aye; and I have unfortunately *intruded*, without their permiſſion, on what they call THEIR GROUND; that is, *their freehold*; whence they have a right to drive all others away, as the dog did from the manger. Ten thouſand millions of

pardons

pardons do we all beg you, you kind, good, dear *Gentlemen of* this *Theatre*.—We ſaw the play advertiſed;—we paid our money at the door, and we were placed here by the box-keeper.—Excuſe our ignorance,—we knew of no *excluſive* rights here:—and if we can preſume to have equal rights with you at the Theatre, then *yours* was the *intruſion* into *our* company, not *ours* into *yours*,—for we were here before you. But, right or wrong, it is not worth contending about; for might overcomes right; and the might is all on your own ſide: *Contendere durum eſt, cum victore—ſequor.*

" *Off, off.—Off, off, Democrat.—Off, off,*
" *Sedition.—Off, off, Sermon.*"

Well, *Gentlemen of* this *Theatre*, we are retreating as faſt as you will let us paſs. We have been under a miſtake. We did not know that you had excluſive rights, or that you could ſhew your commiſſions. We thought you *merely players*,—

That fret and ſtrut their hour upon the ſtage,
And then go off as well as we.

Seriùs ocyùs exeunt omnes!

All this miſtake now aroſe from your ſtyling yourſelves, "*The Gentlemen of this Theatre.*" Had you condeſcended to let us know your RIGHTS, or would you have ſhewn us your commiſſions, it would have ſaved you from making your throats ſore with calling us ſuch hard names; and that gentleman yonder would not have been ſo much out of breath, and looked ſo pale. The ladies have *ſalts* in their pockets;—do let them adminiſter them to his noſe. He ſeems quite faint and frightened, poor gentleman. Well—Good night to you. I always obey lawful authority; and even unlawful, when I am oppoſed by a ſuperior force; and, doubtleſs, you have a *warrant* for this proceeding, notwithſtanding it appears a little extraordinary. I humbly think, (but there now, what buſineſs have I to think?) that you are not *now*, and upon this *occaſion*, acting under your commiſſion. The weakeſt however muſt go to the wall. Near twenty to one are great odds. I ſurrender my citadel. You have taken us all priſoners. We march out; but leave the honours of war * all your own. Your colours fly triumphant; and I hear the ſhouts of victory. We have

* BELLUM SINE HOSTE.

ſurren-

ſurrendered *at* diſcretion. It is a moot point, whether *to* diſcretion. But let us not wrangle about ſuch little monoſyllables. I certainly did yield to ſuperiority of ſome kind or other; whether of diſcretion or force, let the hiſtorians of the year one thouſand ſeven hundred and ninety-three determine.

You have had your revenge;—let us now *parly*. You ſay, and we have it under your own hands, that you are gentlemen—you add indeed, *of this Theatre;* but, whether of this Theatre or not, a gentleman will behave like a gentleman in the Theatre, out of the Theatre, and all the world over:—ſo that I am ſure I ſhall be heard with candour, now the firſt heat is a little ſubſided. Hang it, I wiſh you had put your own names to that puzzling paper of yours; I might then have ſaid, Colonel O'Nokes, or Captain O'Stiles, or Lieutenant Doe, or Enſign Roe;—but now I can addreſs you only by the awkward appellation, *Gentlemen of this Theatre.* Give me leave to omit that odd addition, and to ſay plainly, "Gentlemen"—as I have no doubt you are, by ſelf-eſtimation, profeſſion, and rank;—though in one inſtance, and from zeal in

what

what you deemed your COUNTRY's CAUSE, you have acted rather *ungently* to be ſure.

Gentlemen, then; we have mentioned the word *commiſſion*. You do not, I dare ſay, ſuppoſe, that military men only have *commiſſions*. Every clergyman has a *commiſſion*. Will you give me leave to read it to you? It may aſſiſt you in the judicial proceedings of this newly *united Court Martial and Court Eccleſiaſtical*. In the avocations of rural amuſement, and the fatigues of a military life, you may not perhaps have met with it, or conſidered it with due attention. Here it is, Gentlemen, in this little volume, whence my offenſive text was taken. Shall I read it *for* you, as you are rather diſconcerted by your recent exertion in the cauſe of your country? Then, pray take off your hats and your caps, and iſſue orders to the younkers in the rear to hold their babbling, and call no more hard names, now the parly has begun.—" Hats off?—what! to " *you?*—No; I'll be ——— if I do." Not ſo haſty, good Colonel O'Nokes, I did not ſay to *me;* but in reverence of the aforeſaid commiſſion, which comes from the KING—of

Kings.

Kings. The words are very ſolemn. Nothing ſhould have induced me to have read them to you in this place, but that you have accuſed me in this place of having exceeded my commiſſion in the offenſive ſermon, in which I ſtudied to promote your happineſs, and the happineſs of every mortal under Heaven, by recommending, on goſpel principles, peace and benevolence. Now your wrath is a little abated, and the overflow of ill language ſubſided, I will read it to you. In return, if you pleaſe, you ſhall ſhew me that part of your commiſſion, which authorizes you to turn his Majeſty's liege ſubjects out of Theatres, and to revile them as they go, with inſulting language.

" *I charge thee, before* God, *and the* LORD
" JESUS CHRIST, *who ſhall judge the quick*
" *and the dead at his appearing, and in his*
" *kingdom,*

" *Preach the Word, be inſtant* IN SEASON,
" OUT OF SEASON, REPROVE, REBUKE, EX-
" HORT, *with all long-ſuffering and doctrine.*
" *For the time will come, when they will*
" *not endure ſound doctrine, and ſhall turn*
" *away*

" *away their ears from the truth; but watch*
" *thou in all things; do the work of an Evan-*
" *geliſt, make full proof of thy miniſtry.*"
St. Paul to Tim. ii. 4.

Now, Gentlemen, would you think one of your own profeſſion deſerving of abuſe and inſult for doing his duty, under all circumſtances, fearleſsly and regardleſs of intereſt and favour, according to the tenor of his *commiſſion?* Would he be entitled to praiſe or blame? Do you deſpiſe a ſoldier who braves all danger, and eſteem a ſneaking coward who conſults only his own ſafety? The queſtions are ſelf-anſwered. Apply them, from your own profeſſion, *mutatis mutandis*, to *another* profeſſion, as liberal as your own; and ſtill honoured, and deemed uſeful, even in a political light, to your COUNTRY, for which you diſplay ſo much zeal. The Author of that religion, which is eſtabliſhed by law in this kingdom, is called the CAPTAIN OF SALVATION. Would you have a ſoldier, profeſſionally engaged in the ſervice of this GREAT CAPTAIN, a mere time-ſerver, a preferment hunter, a flatterer, a ſubtle politician for his

own gain, a ſervile courtier, fit only to cringe and ſimper at levees, and bend his doctrines with his back to all circumſtances and perſons, for the ſake of a ſtall or a mitre? Would you have him ſuit his doctrines from the pulpit to the varying hour, to the caprice, or the vanity, or the prejudice, or the paſſion of his congregation? Would you wiſh him to preach the reverſe of my text, "Glory to "*ourſelves*, to great lords, generals, AIDS DE "CAMP, and worldly potentates, *in the high-* "*eſt;* ON EARTH WAR; ill will *(for any thing* "*we care)* to all men, but our friends, our re- "lations, our patrons, our party, and PEOPLE "of FASHION?"—No, Gentlemen, you would not. I know you better than to believe it for one moment. Animated with the ſpirit of Engliſh-men, which loves a frank, honeſt diſpoſition, you muſt prefer one who would preach what he thinks *uſeful truth*, even at the point of the bayonet, and the mouth of the cannon. Gentlemen, I wiſh I could claim the honour of ſuch ardour in the ſervice—All I can claim is, a deſire to do my duty in the pulpit with fidelity. I preached peace in the hearing of thoſe who, it now appears, were prejudiced,

at the time, in favour of *war*. For that very reaſon, it became me to do my duty with particular zeal:—I did it to the beſt of my power. I rejoice that I was enabled to do it ſo ſucceſſfully, as to have excited their attention; even though it is accompanied with their diſpleaſure. Prejudices obſtruct the truth for a time; but they go off like clouds in an autumnal morning, when the ſun riſes in his glorious majeſty. Eyes have ſome, but they will not ſee. Pride militates againſt perſuaſion. Pride ſays, "Who is it that ſpeaks to *us* in a ſtyle "of authority?—Who is this that *dares* EX-"HORT us?"—Pride ſaid formerly of our Saviour, "Is not this the carpenter's ſon?" Pride would have ſtoned him to death; and Pride did at laſt crucify him: but, when Pride had done its worſt, the truths which a few proud men of his own time were offended at, TRIUMPHED OVER THE CIVILIZED WORLD;—the CROSS became the glory of nations, and princes, and warriors; and the proud were forgotten or execrated. I do not deſpair, even now, notwithſtanding I was compelled to quit the Theatre, but, as the world improves in KNOWLEDGE, *war will be no more*; and

and *perpetual and univerſal peace*, which I ſo earneſtly contended for, will be at length eſtabliſhed. In my generation, Gentlemen, I will do all I can to accelerate the approach of that happy period. I rejoice, greatly, that I preached peace at Brighton. It is my duty to preach it every where, when called upon to preach at all; and, by God's grace, I will do my duty. I thank you for your oppoſition; it will greatly promote the cauſe. On that account,

I am, Gentlemen,

Your much obliged

TUNBRIDGE-TOWN,
KENT,
Jan. 4, 1794.

V. KNOX.

P. S. The next time you honour me with your correſpondence, *venture*, if you wiſh for an anſwer, to ſign your names to your epiſtle. It will be more manly than to ſculk under that indefinite deſcription of yourſelves, "THE "GENTLEMEN OF THIS THEATRE."

APPENDIX.

N° I.

A Letter from the Rev. Mr. MOSSOP, *Curate of Brighton, who officiated in the Deſk on the* 18*th of Auguſt, and was preſent during the whole of my Sermon. The Rev. Mr.* HUDSON, *the Vicar, was* abſent *on that day; otherwiſe, I have no doubt but that he would have borne a ſimilar teſtimony.*

Rev. Sir,

FROM my ſituation in the church at Brighthelmſtone the day you favoured us with a ſermon, which gave ſuch high offence to a certain deſcription of *gentlemen*, I have, as may naturally be ſuppoſed, had my ears ſufficiently ſtunned with inquiries relative to this ſermon, both by many that were *preſent*, as well as the *abſent*. From ſome of the former, I have experienced no ſmall portion of ill-nature, becauſe *I could not conſcientiouſly join in the cry* with thoſe who can judge the motives of their neighbour better than he can himſelf, and pronounce it at once ſeditious, libellous, traitorous, democratic.

The

The anſwer I have given to the latter deſcription of inquirers, was in ſubſtance, " That I doubted " not but that Dr. Knox would ſubmit his ſermon, " in proper time, to that Public at large, which is " better able to judge, and generally more can- " did, than intereſted individuals, who often miſ- " apprehend, but more frequently miſrepreſent, a " ſubject, to apologize for *illiberality and male-* " *volence*;" adding, " That that chriſtian cha- " rity, which men of our order ought to entertain " one towards another, would not allow me to " ſuppoſe, that Dr. Knox's motive was to hint, " in the moſt diſtant manner, at the ſubverſion " of our preſent happy conſtitution and govern- " ment, but merely to expatiate on the advantages " of univerſal peace and good-will among man- " kind, and to reprobate the deciſion of diſputes " by the umpirage of the ſword."

May I, therefore, take the liberty to aſk, Whether you have it in intention to publiſh the ſermon, or not? that I may have an opportunity of gratifying my inquirers with a more ſatisfactory anſwer. As I am partly a ſtranger to you, I beg you will excuſe this liberty; and remain,

Rev. Sir,

Your obedient humble ſervant,

J. MOSSOP.

BRIGHTHELMSTONE,
12th *September* 1793.

To the Rev. Dr. KNOX.

N. B.

N. B. *I never had the pleaſure of ſpeaking to this gentleman. I am totally unacquainted with him. From a pure love of juſtice and truth he ſent me the above unexpected and unſolicited letter. On my aſking his leave to publiſh it, he returned the following anſwer. It may be doubted whether certain* pluraliſts *and* court divines *would have dared to give ſo* honeſt *a teſtimony.*

N° II.

Rev. Sir,

I DULY received yours of the 17th inſtant; and as I look upon you to be miſrepreſented to the Public, relative to the ſermon you preached at Brighton, and conſequently loaded with no ſmall degree of unmerited opprobrium, I ſhall willingly contribute my mite to exonerate you. You have, therefore, my permiſſion to publiſh my letter to you of the 12th of September laſt, in your intended vindication; provided your publication contain no invectives againſt the preſent exiſting government, nor any ſentiments which might be improper for one zealouſly attached to our moſt excellent conſtitution to countenance.

I muſt conclude, by ſaying, that if every clergyman is to be expoſed to inſult, for doing what he

he conceives to be his duty, in expoſing the reigning vices of the age, we ſhall ſoon find, that the feeble rays of religion, which yet remain, to enlighten the chriſtian world, will ſoon become totally eclipſed. I am, Rev. Sir,

Your obedient humble ſervant,

J. MOSSOP.

BRIGHTHELMSTONE,
19th *November* 1793.

To the Rev. Dr. KNOX.

N. B. *Mr. Moſſop's candour does him the more honour, as his ſtipend conſiſts of the voluntary ſubſcription of the* RICH, *who reſort to Brighton; and as* GREAT PERSONAGES, *with their* tradeſmen *and* retinue, *are among his pariſhioners.*

N° III.

My dear Sir,

YOUR laſt favour has found me ſo much indiſpoſed by the rheumatiſm, that it is not without effort I can acknowledge the receipt of your letter.

It will of courſe be out of my power to bear my teſtimony in the way you mention, againſt the extenſion of military controul over our places of diverſion, our temples, and our altars; yet the more

more I reflect on the inſult you received at Brighton, the greater is my concern, that a precedent of a nature ſo highly dangerous, ſhould be permitted, by thoſe in power, to paſs uncenſured and unpuniſhed.

Since the men of the ſword have dared to violate, not only the laws of decency, but thoſe of their country, in your caſe, I cannot meet a cockaded ſtripling in his regimentals, or a foot ſoldier in the ſtreet, without feeling that we have maſters, whoſe ſervants we are, although our eſtates and our induſtry are mortgaged to pay them their wages.

We ſhall perceive what the country will ſay and do when your Narrative is publiſhed.

If the hirelings of the pen are bidden to ſupport thoſe of the ſword, by the perſons who direct both, the matter is ſettled, and you are only the firſt victim. I am, my dear Sir, with much eſteem,

Your faithful friend and ſervant,

LONDON, *Nov.* 20, 1793. R. S.

N° IV.

Sir,

OUR excellent laws have guarded us from the aſſaults of malice, and of ſuperior force, with peculiar care. The following quotations from

JUDGE BLACKSTONE, with many others, will evince, that the greateſt men, even ARMED, as your aſſailants were, and ſuperior in numbers, *dare not*, conſiſtently with a regard for our admirable conſtitution, attack the moſt defenceleſs member of the community. Even a Lord Lieutenant and *Cuſtos Rotulorum* will be conſidered by the laws of England in no other light than a ruffian, if he *breaks the peace*. Yet your aſſailants, *in this very act*, pretended to be the defenders of the law and the conſtitution.

That learned judge, and friend to freedom and humanity, ſays, " Beſides ACTUAL BREACHES of " the peace, any thing that tends to provoke or " excite others to break it, is an offence of the " ſame denomination. Therefore challenges to " fight, either by word or letter, or to be the bearer " of ſuch challenge, are puniſhable by fine and im- " priſonment, according to the circumſtance of the " offence." Book IV. chap. 11. ſect. 12.

" An *unlawful aſſembly* is when *three or more* " do aſſemble themſelves together to do an *un-* " *lawful act.*" —— (☞ *There was a* CONSPIRACY *of* MANY more than three, *for two hours, againſt you*, in the Theatre, *aſſembled to do an* UNLAWFUL ACT; and they did it. *Hireling newſpapers*, pretending to be the ſupports of LAW, and whoſe motto is *Nolumus* LEGES *Angliæ mutari*, defended

ſended it; the readers of which PAY TWICE to be *deceived*; firſt the *wages*, then the price of the papers, ſtuffed with miſrepreſentation.)

" A RIOT is where three or more do an unlaw-
" ful act of violence, either *with* or without a
" *common cauſe of quarrel*; as if they beat a man,
" or *do any other unlawful act*, with force or vio-
" lence; or even do a *lawful act*, as REMOVING
" A NUISANCE, in a *violent and tumultuous* man-
" ner." Book IV. chap. 11. ſect. 6.

" The puniſhment of *unlawful aſſemblies*, from
" the number *three to eleven*, is fine and impri-
" ſonment; if they amount to the number twelve,
" it may be CAPITAL." BLACKSTONE.

" There is one ſpecies of battery more atro-
" cious and penal than the reſt, which is the
" beating of a clerk in orders, or clergyman, on
" account of the reſpect and reverence due to
" his ſacred character, as the MINISTER AND EM-
" BASSADOR OF PEACE.*****So that upon the
" whole it appears, that a perſon guilty of ſuch
" *brutal* behaviour to a clergyman, is ſubject to
" three kinds of proſecution, all of which may
" be purſued for one and the ſame offence; an
" indictment for the breach of the King's peace
" by ſuch aſſault and battery; a civil action for
" the ſpecial damage ſuſtained by the party in-
" jured; and a ſuit in the eccleſiaſtical court."****
Book IV. chap. 15. ſect. 7.

Every REAL *Friend to our King and Conſtitution*, eſpecially if by profeſſion and ſolemn engagement bound to defend the country, and aſſiſt the civil power, in the ſuppreſſion of riot, and the preſervation of order, will himſelf be peculiarly careful not to break the law, and diſturb the peace.

Judge Blackſtone ſays, "All diſturbances of "the peace, all OPPRESSIONS of a notoriouſly evil "example, may be indicted at the ſuit of the "KING." Book IV. chap. 15. ſect. 8.

A code of laws which thus ſecures perſonal liberty to ALL, muſt be endeared to every Engliſhman who regards either himſelf or his fellow citizens.

"The leaſt *touching* of another's perſon, wil-"fully or in anger, is a battery; for the law can-"not draw the line between different degrees of "violence, and therefore totally prohibits the firſt "and loweſt ſtage of it; *every man's perſon* being "ſacred, and no other having a right to meddle "with it, in any the ſlighteſt manner."

BLACKSTONE, Book III. chap. 8.

Would not one preach in defence of ſuch a conſtitution, and pray too, ſaying, "Eſto perpe-"tua!" Yes; though CLUB LAW and SWORD LAW ſhould oppoſe THE LAW OF ENGLAND, *vi et armis*, let us all ſtand up, *as you have done*, advocates for it, and for our glorious conſtitution in its purity. I am, &c. LEGULEIUS.

P. S.

P. S. You remember a ſubject at College for a theme:

Minor in prælio, non ſemper minor in cauſâ.

I have juſt heard one of your aſſailants was a LITTLE LORD. I do not mean *little of ſtature.* Little is ſometimes ſynonymous with inſignificant. In this ſenſe, if he were as tall as the Iriſh Giant, he might ſtill be a LITTLE LORD. He had a queer name of his own; but I cannot recollect it. I never knew before, that there was ſuch a BEING in the univerſe. One or two were very *low* fellows; *low* in birth, *parentage, and education*; but hoping to RISE, by this exploit, to the notice of a SUPERIOR.

N° V.

Dear Sir,

WHEN you conſider the great influence of enormous wealth, and its conſequent power, *alarmed* at the rapid progreſs of *civil liberty*, you will ceaſe to wonder at the indefatigable and ſucceſsful exertions, which are made to cruſh individuals who publicly eſpouſe its cauſe. No rancour is ſo venomous, as the rancour of wounded pride; of avarice, dreading the diminution of its revenues; of ambition, checked in its ſelfiſh and vain-glorious career. Nothing but a fear of the laws reſtrains a virulence ſo exaſperated, from the moſt outrageous injuſtice. Reaſon, argument, perſuaſion,

perſuaſion, plead in vain againſt *irritated* tyranny. Conſcious power, goaded by *fear* and anger, heſitates at no villainous act of oppreſſion, conſiſtent with its own ſafety.

The ill-uſage you have recently experienced, proves what military power, under *ariſtocratical* direction, would do, if it dared. Happily the laws ſtill retain their vigour. Public ſpirit is not yet quite extinct. Engliſhmen will not yet ſuffer law and liberty to be trampled upon, with impunity.

I hope, therefore, that you will not be diſpirited. I do aſſure you, that the ſilly calumnies of hired ſcribblers have done you no diſſervice among the *independent part* of the Public. They have only deceived thoſe who were willing to be deceived; thoſe who love to have their malevolence fed by a breakfaſt of paragraphs, equally replete with abſurdity and virulence. A ſtrange appetite! But calumny is as delightful food to ſome, as human fleſh to tigers.

I have juſt this minute ſeen a paragraph in a paper, which I copy at the coffee-houſe, where I am now writing, for your amuſement, while I drink my morning diſh of tea.

After inveighing againſt you, the writer ſays, "The clergy have been accuſed, ere now, of in-
"dolence, of inability, of not taking the trouble
"even of writing their own diſcourſes; but, my God!
"if theſe are the ſamples of them (meaning your

" ſermon) when they do write, MAY THEY NEVER
" RESUME THE PEN! and we readily admit their
" old plea, " That the body of divinity now pub-
" liſhed, is already large enough to anſwer every
" purpoſe, if well inculcated."

But what, ſay I, ſhould we do for ſermons on the *thirtieth of January*, and on faſt days, if the prayer of this writer ſhould be heard, and the clergy *never reſume the pen?* I ſuppoſe the DIGNIFIED part of them may *write* AGAINST the *people*; or why are they loaded with ſinecures?

He adds, " The learned Doctor poſſeſſes great
" merit: How much to be wiſhed it were diſ-
" played in a BETTER CAUSE."

A better cauſe than the promotion of peace and good-will! Theſe things are very diverting. I hope you laugh at them all. I am,

Sir,

Your humble ſervant,

CLERICUS.

FLEET-STREET,
Sept. 17, 1793.

P. S. I can contradict the report, that the Prince was AT CHURCH when you preached peace. He has a great number of *chaplains*; and, doubtleſs, hears divine ſervice performed at the PAVILION. I wiſh he *had* been *at church*; he would, I am ſure, have approved your doctrine, and reprimanded the military inquiſition.

N° VI.

N° VI.

Sir,

In the 151ſt page of Mr. Burke's Reflections, which ſome of the ariſtocracy read with more devotion than the ſcriptures, we find it thus written:

"The Chriſtian ſtateſmen of this land are ſenſible that *religious inſtruction* is of *more conſequence* to the GREAT, *than any others*, from the neceſſity of bowing down the STUBBORN NECK of their pride and ambition, to the yoke of moderation and virtue; from a conſideration of the FAT STUPIDITY and GROSS IGNORANCE *concerning what it imports men moſt to know*, which prevails at COURTS, and at the HEAD OF ARMIES, and in SENATES, *as much*" (mark that!) "as at the loom and in the field."

I think you muſt have Mr. Burke on your ſide, if he preſerves his conſiſtency. But what will your military antagoniſts ſay to him, when they read this? They will be tempted to huſtle him in the lobby of the Houſe of Commons, if he goes on in this ſtrain. I heard your ſermon. You ſaid nothing ſo *offenſive* to COURTS, or HEADS OF ARMIES, as this. Only conſider the expreſſions:—"STUBBORN NECK—FAT STUPIDITY—

GROSS

GROSS IGNORANCE." I think this paſſage does Mr. Burke more honour, than all his flimſy, wire-drawn ſtuff, his ſophiſtical, paſſionate, and romantic declamation againſt human nature. *O ſi ſic omnia!*

But, for the life of me, when I read of *ſtubborn neck*, FAT ſtupidity, and *groſs ignorance*, I cannot help thinking of SWINE. Sure he does not mean to rank *People at Courts*, at the *Head of Armies*, and in *Senates*, with the ſwiniſh multitude. Yet he muſt, when he attributes to them ſtubborn necks, fat ſtupidity, and groſs ignorance. It is to his honour, if he numbers the *rich and great vulgar* with the poor and abject. Truth will break forth. There are as many ſwine, very FAT indeed with ſtupidity, and with ſtubborn necks, in gilded, and painted, and carved *ſtyes*, as in ſtyes covered with thatch, and ſcarcely keeping off the pelting of the pitileſs ſtorm. Bravo! Mr. Burke! This compenſates for a good deal of your abuſe of thoſe of your fellow-creatures, whoſe *crime is poverty*.

I have a notion Mr. Burke, conſiſtently with the above excellent paſſage, would number *your aſſailants* with the SWINISH MULTITUDE. Not that he ventured to tell them ſo, when he lately went to ſee the "pride, pomp, and circumſtance of "glorious war," on the *South Downs*. However, I am pretty ſure he would not approve of your being *trodden down under the hoofs of a ſwiniſh*

 multitude,

multitude, for endeavouring, as he expreſſes it, to bow down the *ſtubborn neck* of pride and ambition, and to remove a little of that *fat ſtupidity* and *groſs ignorance* which HE ſays, though *you* did not ſay, "*prevails even at the* HEAD OF "ARMIES."

The *ſwiniſh multitude* of *high life* are well deſcribed by Horace, in theſe celebrated words:

Pinguem et nitidum, et bene curatâ cute porcum.

I wiſh the poor *little* pigs were as fat and well-liking. May they never lack warm ſtyes and full troughs!

I congratulate you on having ſo eloquent an advocate on your ſide as Mr. Burke.

He ſays in another place, a little lower down, "Our provident CONSTITUTION has taken care, "that thoſe who are to inſtruct PRESUMPTUOUS "IGNORANCE, thoſe who are to be cenſors over "INSOLENT VICE, ſhould never incur their con-"tempt, nor live upon their alms." You ſee he ſtands up for the freedom and dignity of the pulpit.

Theſe ſentiments certainly do him honour. It is a pity that his grains of wheat are hidden in buſhels of chaff, and his jewels loſt in a dunghill. The SWINE, however, will rout them out. Their *ſnouts* are ſtrong and acute.

That

That expreſſion of "Swiniſh Multitude," was an unlucky *lapſus calami*.—But if we are ſwine, *Quid vetat et noſmet* grunnire? I am,

Sir,

Yours, &c.

PINGUICULUS PORCELLUS.

N° VII.

[*The following Account, though certainly founded on a converſation which actually paſſed at a public place, in the hearing of a perſon whoſe name I know, is probably intended to repreſent the ſpirit of ſilly and intereſted Tattlers upon this occaſion.*]

Sir,

I WAS lately ſitting in a ſnug corner in a book-ſeller's ſhop, at a place of public reſort, when I was an eye and ear witneſs to the following ſcene and dialogue, which I take the liberty of tranſmitting to you for your edification.

Enter ſix men, ſome with ſkirts to their coats, and ſome (expoſing the ſeat of honour) without ſkirts; ſome with caps, and ſome with hats;

hats; ſome with feathers, and ſome with none; but all fierce of phyſiognomy, loud of voice, and (in courſe) deſperately courageous.

1*ſt.* D—n you, you Sir; did you hear the famous ſeditious ſermon?

2*d.* No—*I* hear it, aye? *I* never go to church. *I* want to hear none of their GAB, not *I*; though I know all about it as well as if I had been there. But hold your jaw. I am reading the papers.—Good God! what a ſad thing it is; the French I ſee are all turned atheiſts. They have aboliſhed Sundays, and diſcarded their clergy. I hope to God we ſhall exterminate the banditti;—a pack of Sans Culottes and Carmagnols.

1*ſt.* But this ſermon runs in my head. It was full of treaſon and ſedition. It was all about feathers, and ſword-knots, and epaulettes. But one comfort is—I hear the preacher is taken up.

3*d.* Yes he is, and I hope he will be taken down. What do you think he ſaid, you? Why he ſaid—(*hah, hah, he!*) he ſaid—All mankind are brothers—Brothers! *hah, hah, he!* Lady Proudfleſh, who you know is a lady of family and the firſt faſhion, told me ſhe thought ſhe ſhould have burſt her ſides a laughing at the idea. It is *too* bad. I am told a proſecution is commenced.

4*th.* It is, it is.—What's as bad—he told the men not to mind the officers a ſkip of a louſe—that was his

his expreſſion. I know a man that will take his bible oath of it. Then he went on and ſaid—They ought to bid the colonel kiſs their breeches. He uſed plainer Engliſh. Well; that was not all. He ſaid, You Sirs, ſays he, addreſſing himſelf to the men, you are a pack of fools, ſays he, and your commanders are all knaves and ſycophants. The whole army was there—there was not a man left in the camp—all at the church; and they no ſooner came out, than they fell a mutinying like mad. D—n it, ſays I; ſo I ups with my ſword, and runs a dozen of them through the body at a thruſt; with one foot I kicked a ſcore over the cliff; with the other, I ſent a little hundred into the clay-pits belonging to the brick-kiln; and with my left hand I collared a dozen more; and then they all marched back as quiet as lambs, and no more was heard of the mutiny *.

5th. I ſaw you, I ſaw you do it, by G—; and Tim Figgins, of the Gothamſhire, ſays he was one of the mutineers; for he heard the parſon ſay, On earth peace. That was all he heard; but a comrade of his told him, peace was proclaimed in the Goſpel Gazette; and that we were all to go home, and

* Except in the *Lying Advertiſer*, which, as it is ſuppoſed, at the ſuggeſtion of ſome venal ALARMIST, aſſerted that there *actually was a mutiny of the whole army* cauſed ſolely and entirely by my flagitious Sermon. But ſcarcely any body reads the *Lying Advertiſer*. So the villainous intention of a ſcribbling aſſaſſin was defeated. *Ex uno diſce omnes.*

take

take care of our families, and plough * the ground for the next wheat harveſt: ſo he was ſkipping about for joy, but meant no harm, when you attacked him in the rear with your foot, and laid him ſprawling on the beach. By G—, the parſon ought to be brought to a court martial though.

6th. He will, he will. But you have not heard *half.* The ſermon was the moſt flagitious, factious, ſeditious, traiterous, libellous, mutinous, villainous, raſcally, ſcoundrelly ſermon that ever was preached in a pulpit, by G—. Lady Epaulette told me he actually deſcribed the pattern of the cotton lining of the prince's tent, and ſaid, What a ſhame! No wonder the national debt has increaſed to ſuch an enormous pitch. Lady Gorget reddened ſo at church, you could not tell the difference between the colour of her face and her regimentals †, by G—.

Lady

* tot bella per orbem
Tam multæ *ſcelerum* facies: non ullus ARATRO
Dignus honos; ſqualent abductis arva colonis,
Et curvæ rigidum falces conflantur in enſem.
Hic movet Euphrates, illinc GERMANIA bellum;
Vicinæ ruptis inter ſe legibus urbes
Arma ferunt: ſævit toto MARS IMPIUS orbe.
VIRG. Georg.

† When WOMEN, formed by nature for *cheriſhing* the human race, aſſume a *warlike garb*, and *appear ready* to *deſtroy* thoſe whom they BREED, no wonder the indignant JUVENAL breaks out with a noble ardour.

Quale decus rerum, ſi conjugis auctio fiat
Baltheus, et *manicæ*, et *criſtæ*, cruriſque ſiniſtri

DIMIDIUM

Lady Bumfidget was ſo mad ſhe could have cried, but ſhe turned it off to a laugh, and patted the captain with her fan on the ſhoulder a hundred times, while he bit his lips and vowed vengeance. Too bad! too bad! ſaid old Mrs. Tattle, our landlady. But *he* went on talking about peace and war. Now *that* I do not mind ſo much. Damn all he ſaid about ſtopping the effuſion of blood. *If he had ſtuck to peace, damn it, we ſhould not have minded that* *.

"DIMIDIUM TEGMEN? vel ſi diverſa movebat
Prælia, tu felix, OCREAS † vendente puellâ
Hæ ſunt quæ tenui ſudant in cyclade; quarum
Delicias et *panniculus* BOMBYCINUS urit.
Aſpice quo fremitu monſtratos præferat ictus
Et quanto GALEÆ curvetur pondere; quanta
Poplitibus ſedeat, quam denſo faſcia libro. Sat. 6.

Thus tranſlated by Mr. Dryden:

Oh! what a decent ſight 'tis to behold
All thy *wife's* WARDROBE *when* by auction ſold!
The BELT, the CRESTED PLUME, the ſev'ral ſuits
Of armour, and the Spaniſh leather BOOTS †.
Yet theſe are they that cannot *bear the heat*
Of figured SILKS ‡, and under SARSNET *ſweat*.
Behold the ſtrutting AMAZONIAN WHORE,
She ſtands on guard, with her right foot before;—
* * * * * &c. &c. &c.
DRYDEN's Juvenal.

* One of the *party engaged* ſaid this repeatedly in the Play-Houſe Lobby, during the action.

† Ladies *ſo* dreſſed were called PUSSES IN BOOTS by the Brighton boys, &c.
‡ So much the worſe for the poor SPITALFIELDS WEAVERS.

But feathers! If I do not revenge.—What do you think he had the impudence to ſay? Why—fine feathers make fine birds. That was the worſt of all. D—n all his other ſedition. That galls *me*.

1*ſt*. And *me* too.
2*d*. *I* don't like *that*.
3*d*. No!—Any thing but *that*.
4*th*. *I* feel hurt at *that*.
5*th*. Aye, *there*'s the rub.
6*th*. "*The time and the place make it criminal.*"

A grave old gentleman, who had ſat with a ſtick in his hand, gently tapping his ſhining boots all this while, now roſe, and reſpectfully aſked the 1ſt, Pray, Sir, were you preſent at the ſermon. He proceeded to aſk them all in order.

Anſwer 1*ſt*. No—but I am credibly informed of all its contents by my laundreſs, who had it from Lady Van Helmet's waiting-maid, whom ſhe went to drink tea with that very Sunday evening; ſo ſhe muſt remember it all perfectly.

2*d*. A very reſpectable man, who has a very good place under Government, told me, and he had it from a couſin of one of our contractors, who heard it from an old deaf woman that ſat in the church porch all the while, from the text to the bleſſing. A very honeſt creature—he gave her a halfpenny for her intelligence, and ſhe promiſed to bring him ſome more.

3*d*. I

3*d*. I gave ſixpence to a ſoldier's wife, that mends ſtockings for me, to tell me all about it. I am afraid the huſſy cheated me; for I aſked her what ſort of a man the preacher was, and ſhe ſaid he wore a great wig, and preached in ſpectacles—which, I am told, is not the caſe; but, the poor woman might make uſe of her *ears*, you know, though not her *eyes*. Her account tallies, in other reſpects, with all the reſt; and I have no doubt ſhe will make affidavit of it, for ſhe ſpoke very confidently, and ſhe is wretchedly poor. I have not paid her bill for ſome time.

4*th*. My grandmother was there; and my nephew Jack, it ſeems, caught her napping in the pew, as faſt aſleep as a church, and gave her a good ſmart tweak by the noſe, without waking her. He told her of it as ſoon as ſhe came home. But the old lady proved ſhe was wide awake, by repeating the Creed and the *Catechize*, from one end to the other. She forgot the text, I believe—but ſhe ſaid ſhe remembered the ſermon well, vowed it was all treaſon, and poor Jack got a box on the ear for his pains.

5*th*. I went out to tea that afternoon. None of us knew a word about the ſermon; till Mr. Buſtle entered in a hurry, and ſaid, one of the meſſengers had juſt arrived and apprehended the preacher. All the company ſtared; and knowing nothing of the ſermon, aſked the footboy, who had leave to go to

But feathers! If I do not revenge.—What do you think he had the impudence to ſay? Why—fine feathers make fine birds. That was the worſt of all. D—n all his other ſedition. That galls *me*.

1*ſt*. And *me* too.

2*d*. *I* don't like *that*.

3*d*. No!—Any thing but *that*.

4*th*. *I* feel hurt at *that*.

5*th*. Aye, *there*'s the rub.

6*th*. "*The time and the place make it criminal.*"

A grave old gentleman, who had ſat with a ſtick in his hand, gently tapping his ſhining boots all this while, now roſe, and reſpectfully aſked the 1ſt, Pray, Sir, were you preſent at the ſermon. He proceeded to aſk them all in order.

Anſwer 1*ſt*. No—but I am credibly informed of all its contents by my laundreſs, who had it from Lady Van Helmet's waiting-maid, whom ſhe went to drink tea with that very Sunday evening; ſo ſhe muſt remember it all perfectly.

2*d*. A very reſpectable man, who has a very good place under Government, told me, and he had it from a couſin of one of our contractors, who heard it from an old deaf woman that ſat in the church porch all the while, from the text to the bleſſing. A very honeſt creature—he gave her a halfpenny for her intelligence, and ſhe promiſed to bring him ſome more.

3*d*. I

3*d*. I gave ſixpence to a ſoldier's wife, that mends ſtockings for me, to tell me all about it. I am afraid the huſſy cheated me; for I aſked her what ſort of a man the preacher was, and ſhe ſaid he wore a great wig, and preached in ſpectacles—which, I am told, is not the caſe; but, the poor woman might make uſe of her *ears*, you know, though not her *eyes*. Her account tallies, in other reſpects, with all the reſt; and I have no doubt ſhe will make affidavit of it, for ſhe ſpoke very confidently, and ſhe is wretchedly poor. I have not paid her bill for ſome time.

4*th*. My grandmother was there; and my nephew Jack, it ſeems, caught her napping in the pew, as faſt aſleep as a church, and gave her a good ſmart tweak by the noſe, without waking her. He told her of it as ſoon as ſhe came home. But the old lady proved ſhe was wide awake, by repeating the Creed and the *Catechize*, from one end to the other. She forgot the text, I believe—but ſhe ſaid ſhe remembered the ſermon well, vowed it was all treaſon, and poor Jack got a box on the ear for his pains.

5*th*. I went out to tea that afternoon. None of us knew a word about the ſermon; till Mr. Buſtle entered in a hurry, and ſaid, one of the meſſengers had juſt arrived and apprehended the preacher. All the company ſtared; and knowing nothing of the ſermon, aſked the footboy, who had leave to go to

church in the morning, but who, it ſeems, had gone to ſee the two men hanging in chains hard by. He ſlips out to fetch ſome toaſt, and inquires of Dorothy, the cook in the kitchen, who happening to have company herſelf, found out from the waſher-woman, that the preacher pulled the Prince's tent to pieces, and ſaid we were all brothers and ſiſters. Lord-a-mercy! ſays ſhe,—I be ſiſter to a prince! and old Smoaker * his brother! If that ben't treaſon, I do not know what is. I hope the parſon will be taken up. I'll peach him; they ſay a body may make a penny of it. She is rather hard of hearing, but an honeſt good creature, and I intend to take her words down, and inſert them in the Falſe Briton, or the Lying Advertiſer.

Anſwer the ſixth.

I had my intelligence from my valet de chambre, who had it from his maiden aunt that had a dream. She thought ſhe ſaw all the Sans Culottes, in their miſerable uncloathed condition, upon the beach, which frightened her into fits. Whereupon ſhe went to tell it to an acquaintance of hers, the wife of a man who has a ſnug place in a public office; and ſhe, it ſeems, was at the church. Upon hearing her ſtory of treaſon and ſedition, the old ſoul

* A celebrated *bather* at Brighton, who being much *older* than the Prince, Dorothy began to be alarmed leſt the ſaid Smoaker, as an elder brother, ſhould become a PRETENDER, by right of primogeniture.

was

was at no loſs to account for her dream. It ſeems the good woman, who had *heard* the ſermon, came home highly pleaſed, and was wiſhing for peace, when her huſband interrupted, and ſays, Jenny, ſays he, take care what you ſay. I hear it was all treaſon. You muſt take t'other ſide of the queſtion, my dear. True, ſays ſhe. Aye, a nod's as good as a wink; a word to the wiſe. "Now, "Jenny, can't you recollect any little bit of trea- "ſon, Jenny, juſt to tell the captain?"—"O yes," ſays ſhe, "I believe I can, for that matter."—"Well "then, let's have it."—"Why he ſaid ſomething "that tends immediately *to the ſubverſion of the* "*government.*"—"Did he ſo? did he ſo? that's "good—ſo much the better—very well indeed— "let's have it—What did he ſay, my dear?"— "Why he ſaid, That we ought, all of us, to be "GOVERNED by—yes, he ſaid GOVERNED—mark "that—take that down—*governed* by one PHIL. "ANTHROPY. I do not know who Philip is— "ſome outlandiſh prince or Sans Culotte or ano- "ther—but whether he be the pope, the devil, or "the pretender, I will take my bible oath, before "any juſtice of peace, that he ſaid we ought to be "governed by one Phil. Anthropy; whereas, you "know, we have no right to be governed but by "the exiſting government. There we have him. "This will make intereſt with *ſomebody* you know. "Aye, aye—No Phil. Anthropy. No Philan- "thropy, ſay I. No ſtrangers. No philanthropy."

The old gentleman ſmiled and ſaid, I find none of you were preſent at the ſermon. Now I was there; and I affirm that it was, from beginning to end, calculated to ſerve the cauſe of humanity, and no other cauſe. You have been miſled by the ſilly tales of the idle, the intereſted, and the wicked.

All. "Who are you?—who are you?"

An ENGLISHMAN. A MAN. I wear no ſword indeed; but I have a tongue to contradict a liar, and a good ſtaff of ENGLISH OAK to defend myſelf againſt a ruffian. Here is my addreſs. I will convince you of your error, if you will liſten to reaſon *.

All. "Reaſon? Oh, we have nothing to do with "it—it is nothing to us."

[*Exeunt—ſneaking and muttering.*

1*ſt.* A d——d Quiz this.

2*d.* A queer put.

3*d.* An old curmudgeon.

4*th.* A ſon of a b—.

5*th.* A democratical raſcal.

6*th.* I, I, I don't half like him—O, here he comes—Why did not you knock him down, Jack?

1*ſt.* I'll teach him to jaw, if I ever meet him again.

2*d.* I had a good mind to draw my ſword.

3*d.* I had my hand upon the hilt of mine.

* "We need not wonder," ſays Hobbes, "that men "ſhould be againſt *reaſon*, when reaſon is againſt *them*."

4th. If he had not ſtopt his *ſlang*, I'd have *pinked* him, or I'll be ſhot.

5th. I would have kicked his ——.

6th. I wiſh he was here now—I, I, I, I—O Lord, here he comes—good morning—let's go. Devil take the old democrat, ſay I.—No democrats. I'm off.—Damme, I don't like democrats with *ſtaves of Engliſh oak*, not I.—*Good morning to you, Sir.* [*Exeunt omnes.*

The old gentleman took a pinch of ſnuff, and coolly walked up and down the promenade. Yours,

DEMOCRITUS.

P. S. I hear the angry warriors *actually met* to concert meaſures for *proſecuting* you*; but *no two of them could agree in the ſame ſtory.* So they damned one another, and parted. I am told, it was a little JEW (but I don't believe it) that called from his box for *perſonal injury.* He was as arbitrary as if he had been his moſt CHRISTIAN Majeſty, for whom your *true-bred Engliſh patriot* would fight the devil.

* I have lately been informed by a friend who was on the downs at the grand review on Monday the nineteenth of Auguſt, when I walked there *alone* ſome hours, that a perſon in a carriage belonging to the military looked out of the window, juſt as I had paſt it, and ſaid "Damn him—he was too "*guarded* yeſterday, we cannot *lay hold of him*; but—he may "depend upon it,—it ſhall not paſs *unnoticed.*" Several others ſhook their heads—threatening hard after I had paſſed them! BENE VORTAT DEUS. They ſay *threatened* folk live long.

N° VIII.

Sir,

I AM an officer; and though I did not hear your ſermon, yet I can readily believe it was full of treaſon, from one end to the other. I know it was. I do not often read ſermons; but upon hearing of your treaſon, I determined to look into your *volume of ſermons*, which you publiſhed two or three years ago, in the hope of finding ſomething to convict you, if my brother officers ſhould unluckily have forgotten the worſt parts of that flagitious diſcourſe at Brighton. I could find nothing myſelf, but ſome old-faſhioned doctrines about faith, hope, and charity. But my good friend Doctor Plumpton, having nothing to do on Sundays, (as he keeps three curates, at thirty pounds a-year each, and his ſtall is a finecure,) employed one whole Sunday morning in endeavouring to find out ſome treaſon in your ſermons. And, ſure enough, here it is. The Doctor ſent it me in a frank, given him by the member for the borough, who got him all his preferment. The Doctor ſays he cannot ſee (though he wears ſpectacles too) what in the world the Public can find in your fooliſh books to buy them. He himſelf has favoured the Public with one whole ſermon, on "SUBMISSION TO THE POWERS "THAT BE," and he never got rid of any, but thoſe that he preſented in Turkey leather, gilt and let-

tered,

tered, to the Miniſter, and a few of the *better ſort*. But to the *treaſon*. This will *do* for you, Sir. Here it is, in page 377, of your ſecond edition. Mrs. Plumpton copied it for the Doctor, as writing is fatiguing to him, eſpecially after dinner. I have not read it; but I dare ſay your *dioceſan* will make you an example for it. I hope to God he may.

" Such, indeed, is the violence of political " animoſity, that every ſocial and Chriſtian duty is " ſacrificed to the indulgence of it: hatred of the " bittereſt kind is occaſioned by a difference in " politics, or by an attachment to a favourite " ſtateſman, or ſyſtem of public conduct; and it " is greatly to be lamented that this violence of " zeal ariſes not from the pure motives of genuine " patriotiſm, to which it arrogantly pretends, but " from envy, from a contentious temper, from " vanity, from ambition.

" I moſt earneſtly admoniſh all who are inſti- " gated by theſe motives to ſeditious language, " writing, or action, to conſider that they are in- " ſulting the King of Kings, who delights in order " and tranquillity, and whoſe gracious goſpel par- " ticularly requires a peaceful ſubmiſſion to the " laws of a country, and to the powers legally " eſtabliſhed. Confuſion, and every evil work, " are the conſequences of the unruly paſſions of " envy and ſtrife, when they direct their force " againſt the civil government and its proper ad-

" miniſtrators.

" miniſtrators. *Fear God and honour the King,*
" are commands joined together in the ſcriptures
" ſo cloſely, as to induce one to conclude, that to
" honour the King is to perform a duty at leaſt
" approaching to the nature of a religious office.
" But if this ſhould not be allowed, yet it is cer-
" tainly true, that to diſturb any good government
" is contrary to the duty of a good man, and parti-
" cularly inconſiſtent with the character of a good
" Chriſtian, who ſhould ſtudy to be quiet, and to
" mind his own buſineſs, and not to follow thoſe
" who, from *envy and ſtrife,* are given to *unne-*
" *ceſſary* innovation."

I ſay I have not read it myſelf; but I take Doctor Plumpton's word for it. He *looked* very angry with you. So he judges fairly. He hates you worſe than the devil. So he is impartial.

I thought it but right to let you know before-hand what I intend to proſecute you for; ſo have taken this trouble, which, by the way, is doing you more honour than you deſerve. You know they told you your deſerts. *A la lanterne,* ſhould have been the word. They *did imitate* the *French very well.*

I wiſh I had been in the Theatre. I am told they had not men enough, or that enterprize would have turned out ſtill more glorious than it did, though it did them all honour.

Good ſubjects ought to be diſtinguiſhed; and, therefore, I hope ſome *ribbons,* I don't care whe-

ther

ther *red*, *blue*, or *green*, will be beſtowed on the moſt active of thoſe good men, who proved, on that occaſion, that they do not degenerate from the Marlboroughs and the Wolfes that adorn our Engliſh hiſtory. I am glad to ſee the good old bull-dog breed kept up. Let's have no more of your ſnivelling about peace. What ſhould *you* know about peace or war? Leave every one to his own buſineſs, ſay I; and don't let the cobler go beyond his laſt.

There's Dean Swift now, I like *him*. I accidentally opened one of his books t'other day, and my eye fell on the following paſſage. The affair happened at a coffee-houſe.

An *officer*, you muſt know, in company with a *clergyman*, had a little diſpute. But the Doctor met with his match, by God.

You ſhall judge. You ſhall hear Dean Swift's own words. "D—n me, Doctor," (cried the officer,) "ſay what you will, the army is the only *ſchool* for "gentlemen. Do you think my Lord Marlborough "beat the French with Greek and Latin? D—n "me, I would be glad, by G—d, to ſee any of "your ſcholars, with his nouns and his verbs, and "his philoſophy and his trigonometry, what a "figure he would make at a ſiege, or blockade, "or rencountering!" The parſon had nothing to ſay.

So you ſee the affair at Brighton is not the firſt in which the officers were too many for the parſon. I only wiſh I had been there, that's all. It was an additional feather in the cap of all the parties, male and female, concerned therein. That's poz.

None of yours, by G—d,

B——Y DAWSON.

BULL AND MOUTH STREET,
Aug. 25, 1793.

P. S. Damn you, I'll fight you, if you'll come without your children to take your part. Not elſe;—five or ſix to one's odds, by G—.

N° IX.

Rev. Sir,

I WAS lately in company with ſome *profeſſional* gentlemen and their ladies, when the comical pranks of the military at Brighton Theatre became the topic of converſation. One of them ſaid he heard you intended to *proſecute* your aſſailants; upon which they all burſt out into a loud laugh, declaring, they never heard any thing more diverting in their lives. Proſecute, indeed! ſaid a ſmart *martinet*. I ſay proſecute too! cried an emaciated lady in a *helmet*, at the ſame time purſing up her mouth, and fanning away moſt rapidly. "What's "that?" aſked a veteran who had been whiſtling

"What

" What can the matter be?" while he adjuſted his frill with one hand, and beat time on the ivory hilt of his ſword with the other. " What's that? " Does he ſay he will proſecute? Never believe " it. He knows better than to proſecute. Their " PURSES ARE A LITTLE TOO HEAVY FOR HIM, " my dear." Here he winked his eye; and they all joined with an air of triumph, and repeated, Yes, yes,—Their PURSES ARE A LITTLE TOO HEAVY FOR HIM. I do aſſure you this is *literally true*; and from it I conclude, that theſe heroic ſouls imagined that

> Offence's gilded hand might ſhove by *juſtice*.
> But 'tis not ſo in ENGLAND.—

By the way, you ſhould not have preached the Goſpel of peace before men who *live* by war. Truth is not to be told at all times. Never preach the *Goſpel* when it may give offence, or obſtruct your preferment. Preach about any thing that is not intereſting, and does not come home to men's buſineſs and boſoms. Be as *dull* as you pleaſe; you will be *ſafe*. Apropos, I met with the following paſſages from a ſhrewd author, who wrote about fifty years ago. Read; and learn to preach the *right way*, do; make the pulpit a *drum eccleſiaſtic*. *That's your ſort* to get preferment. *Probatum eſt*.

" Whenever pillage or ſhedding of blood are " to be juſtified or encouraged by a ſermon, or " men are to be exhorted to a battle, to the ſack- " ing of a city, or the deſtruction of a country, " by a pathetic diſcourſe, the *text* is always taken " from the OLD TESTAMENT. (*'War' Goſpel!*)

" But to make it evident, that divines may be " uſeful to all fighting men, without preaching " of the *Goſpel*, we need but to conſider, that " among all the wars and diſſenſions which *Chriſ-* " *tians* have had one with another, there never " was a cauſe yet ſo unreaſonable or abſurd, ſo " unjuſt or openly wicked, if it had an *army to* " *back it*, that has not found *chriſtian divines*, or " at leaſt ſuch as ſtyled themſelves ſo, who have " eſpouſed and called it RIGHTEOUS. No rebel- " lion was ever ſo unnatural, nor TYRANNY SO " CRUEL, but if there were men who would fight " for it, there were prieſts who would pray for " it, and loudly maintain that it was THE CAUSE " OF GOD." *Dialogues on Honour, page* 159.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

" However, morality is often preached to them, " and even the GOSPEL, at SEASONABLE times, " when they are in winter-quarters, or in an idle " ſummer, when there is no enemy near, and the " troops are encamped in a country where no

" hoſtilities

" hoſtilities can be committed. But when they " are to enter upon action, to beſiege a large " town, or ravage a rich country, it would be " very *impertinent* to talk to them of their *chriſtian* " *virtues*, DOING AS THEY WOULD BE DONE BY, " LOVING THEIR ENEMIES, and EXTENDING THEIR " CHARITY TO ALL MANKIND. NOT A WORD OF " THE GOSPEL, nor of meekneſs and humility. " All thoughts of CHRISTIANITY are *laid aſide* " entirely. The men are praiſed and buoyed up " in the high value they have for themſelves. " Their officers call them gentlemen and fellow- " ſoldiers. Generals pull off their hats to them; " and no artifice is neglected that can flatter " their pride, or inſpire them with a LOVE OF " GLORY!

" The clergy themſelves take care at ſuch " times not to mention to them their ſins, or " any thing that is melancholy or diſheartening. " On the contrary, they ſpeak cheerfully to them, " encourage and *aſſure them* of God's favour. " They take pains to juſtify, and endeavour to " INCREASE THE ANIMOSITIES and AVERSION " which thoſe under their care have againſt their " enemies, whom, to BLACKEN and RENDER " ODIOUS, they leave no art untried, no ſtone " unturned; and NO CALUMNY can be more ma- " licious, no ſtory more incredible, nor falſity " more notorious, than have been made uſe of, " *knowingly*, for that purpoſe, by *chriſtian di-*

" *vines*,

" *vines*, both proteſtants and papiſts." *Dialogues on Honour, page* 162.

I am, Rev. Sir, with the greateſt reſpect,
Your obedient humble ſervant,
T. B.

PORTSMOUTH,
Sept. 21, 1793.

P. S. I obſerved you ended your ſermon with a benevolent prayer. Take care not to pray too ardently for enemies. And, I beſeech you, don't let the Reverend Dr. Parr be your model in prayers; for theſe are his words; you may read them in his *Sequel*, page 73.

" If," ſays that learned and able Divine, " the " *threatened cruſade* of RUFFIAN DESPOTS ſhould " be attempted, it will, in my opinion, be an out- " rageous infringement upon the law of nations; " it will be a SAVAGE CONSPIRACY againſt the " written and unwritten rights of mankind; and, " therefore, in the *ſincerity of my ſoul*, I PRAY the " righteous Governor of the univerſe, the Creator " of men, and the King of kings, I PRAY him to " abate the pride, aſſuage the malice, and con- " found the devices of all parties, directly or in- " directly leagued in this complicated ſcene of guilt " and horror! this inſult upon the dignity of hu- " man nature itſelf! this treaſon againſt the MA- " JESTY of God's own image, rational and immor- " tal MAN!"

There's a fervent prayer for you! but take heed how you pray in like manner, in the hearing of the ſaid RUFFIAN DESPOTS. Luckily the ocean rolls between them and us; ſo that though the ruffian deſpots probably have LONG EARS, as you know they have proverbially LONG HANDS, yet they could not have heard *you*, eſpecially, as at the very time you were in the pulpit, the cannons were roaring, and the drums were beating, and the dying were *howling*, for many leagues together.

N° X.

Sir,

I AM ſorry to have obſerved that many of the black coats are more exaſperated againſt you for preaching peace, than the red coats. The *odium theologicum*, theological rancour, you know, is proverbially bitter and durable; and I do aſſure you, our Doctor ſpeaks with more venom and ſpite whenever you are mentioned, than any one of the officers quartered in our village. We have a club at the Black Bear, and the following converſation between the Major and the Rector took place laſt Saturday evening.

Major. No, Sir; I am no military pedant or bigot. I do not think it neceſſary to vindicate this war, or any war, merely becauſe my father bought me

me an enſigncy when I was a ſtripling, and loved an idle life, and a dreſs that pleaſed the fair. No; I muſt in my conſcience agree with the preacher, that war is a moſt unaccountable thing; a ſore calamity; and indeed a diſgrace to a rational and a ſocial animal, like man. Beſides, I think the ſermon had a tendency to render this *neceſſary evil*, if it be neceſſary, leſs injurious to human nature. It is, ſurely, right to fill military men's minds with kind and humane ſentiments; and I am really ſorry that my brother officers reſented the ſermon in a manner ſo unbecoming and unjuſtifiable. Had I been there, I believe I ſhould have taken Dr. K.'s part, though I ſuppoſe a duel would have been the conſequence.

Doctor. My God, my God!—Fie, fie! you cannot be in earneſt, Major. I, for my part, ſolemnly declare—" I would rather ſuffer the firſt " joint of my right arm to be cut off, than let " *him* preach in *my* pulpit*. I would actually

* This ſpeech was actually made by a dignified Pluraliſt, who (between ourſelves) is in expectation of more *fat* things, if he abuſes the Sans Culottes and Carmagnols, and beats the *Devil's tattoo* on the *drum eccleſiaſtic*.

Lord *Brooke* ſays,

——From the DEVIL's image we receive
This ſpirit, which *ſtirres mankind with man to warre*,
Which *devils* do not; wherein worſe we are.

Lord BROOKE's Works, p. 75.

The Devil is called APOLLYON, which ſignifies the DESTROYER.

" contend

" contend with him on the ſtairs of the pulpit, and " fight with my pudding-ſleeves on, till I ſhould " loſe this arm, pudding-ſleeve and all, ſooner than " let him aſcend *my* pulpit. The pulpit's *my own*, and " nobody but ſuch as ſupport Mr. Pitt, and preach " the extermination of the bare-breeched* wretches " in France, ſhall ever mount it." You may tell him ſo if you like it.

As to the treatment he received at the Play-Houſe, I am heartily glad of it. I wiſh to pay my compliments to the officers. I hear that ſome of them are men of great fortune and influence. Pray introduce me to them. If I had not thought it *unſeemly* for me to be ſeen at a Play-Houſe, I ſhould have liked to have aſſiſted them. They had my prayers.—What, in the name of Heaven, what buſineſs had *he* at the Play-Houſe? It is the devil's houſe, and I never go unleſs I get an order.

Major. Go to the play!—Why, I like him the better for it. I love not your ſtarched, hot-headed, COURTLY high-prieſts. The world has had enough of them. They would not be ſeen at a play for the world, though certainly a moſt rational re-

* I thought that *to cloath the naked*, not to mock and inſult them, was the duty of a Chriſtian; yet one of the principal topics of abuſe in *Chriſtian countries*, is the *raggedneſs and poverty* of oppreſſed MEN, fighting for that liberty, the love of which has placed Chriſtian families on thrones.

creation; but they are not aſhamed to be ſeen bowing and cringing at court to any borough-monger, whatever be his character; or attending the levee of Miniſters and great men, though avowed SCEPTICS, as to the Chriſtian religion. It is better, in my opinion, to go to a play and have a hearty laugh, even at Harlequin, than to ſit at home and backbite one's neighbour or brother; and to cant with grimaces about charity and candour, at the ſame time giving a ſtab in the dark, or recommending war and devaſtation to pleaſe a miniſter for one's own *profit*. Come, come, Doctor, no *over-righteouſneſs!* I wiſh there were no greater ſins than going to a play.—The bottle is with you, Doctor—come let's drink Knox in half a glaſs, juſt to ſhew our charity.

Doctor. No—no—I cannot do it. Sooner than drink his health, I would drink poiſon. I hate him from my heart. No; drink whom you pleaſe, but I will ſtick to my old toaſt—"Mr. Pitt, and ſucceſs to our arms."—Let me ſee the paper—are there no more than ſeven thouſand of the Sans Culottes left dead on the field?

Major. Mind the toaſt. We *have* already drunk Mr. Pitt, and Church and State, God bleſs them. Let us now drink ſome of their beſt friends, among whom I reckon the toaſt I gave. If he has offended, let us forget and forgive. *Soldiers* do not bear malice.

Doctor.

Doctor. God forbid! O Lord, no. No, I never bear malice. But I cannot drink his health. The wine would ſtick in my throat.—But, to ſhew you I can be as candid and charitable as you, I'll tell you what I'll do. I will withdraw, while you drink him. I have drunk the loyal toaſts in ſuch bumpers, that I muſt——odſo!——I muſt go to the ſcreen. In the mean time, follow your fancies. But, on my return, let me hear no more of that peſtilent fellow; if you drink his health in my *preſence*, as I am a member of the *aſſociation* * for the *preſervation of property*, I really muſt report you to the committee in an *anonymous letter*. And then—if not proſecuted—you will be a *marked* man; you'll not be *promoted*, my dear, that's all. Knox *is marked* already, and will never get any thing as long as he lives. *We* took care to ſpeak a *good* word for him to one that has a great man's *ear*. *We* have done *his* buſineſs. Thank God for that!

* The following circumſtance is mentioned, as a characteriſtic of the times, and *the effect of aſſociations*:—At the table of a friend, I have heard a GUEST *threatened* by one who had publicly and privately expreſſed his eſteem for him—but who had become a member of an *aſſociation for the preſervation of property*—THREATENED with an *information* to be laid before the ſaid aſſociation, if the ſaid gueſt ſhould ſpeak in favour of *liberty* before the ſaid *aſſociator*. Such conſequence and authority did theſe men aſſume as *members of a club of* INFORMERS,—a race of men conſidered, even in the worſt of times, as the peſts of ſociety. DELATORES *genus hominum exitio repertum!*

Preach peace in time of war! Well, well—We have him down in the black book.

The Major ſcorned to reply. He viewed him with pity for a moment; and then, with all the officers preſent, and with great good-nature and generoſity, drank the toaſt, filling the *half* glaſſes up to the brim, and adding this ſentiment, with three times three:—*May parſons preach peace in the pulpit; and ſoldiers ſhew their ſuperiority only againſt the enemies of their* COUNTRY. The next was, NO CHURCH *without the* GOSPEL.

I am, Sir,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

A CURATE.

BLACK BEAR,
Dec. 13, 1793.

N° XI.

Rev. Sir,

MY brethren and I were ſorry to hear of the treatment you met with; but what buſineſs had you in the devil's houſe? Taking into conſideration that you were in the Play-Houſe, my brethren and I can only grieve for your imprudence and profaneneſs.

Beſides, you ſhould have died a *martyr to your doctrine.* You ſhould have made no *conceſſions.* It would have been glorious to have ſuffered martyrdom

tyrdom in ſuch a cauſe. But the devil got the advantage of you in his own houſe, and we are not ſurpriſed thereat. Yours to command,

ODI PROFANOS.

TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD,
Oct. 1, 1793.

N° XII.

Sir,

IT ſeems you were called names. I am heartily glad of it. Calling names, if in earneſt, is really a proof of good times, and great civilization. I ſpeak ſeriouſly. Thoſe who call names, ſhew a temper and inclination which would certainly proceed to ſanguinary deeds, if they dared, and if the laws did not intervene, and the manners of the people were not repugnant to ſuch barbarity. This idea was ſuggeſted to me from ſome paſſages in a very ſenſible author, which I here tranſcribe, to ſave you the trouble of turning to them.

" The real cauſe and inward motive men act " from, when they uſe ill language, or call names " in earneſt, is, in the *firſt* place, to give vent to " their anger, which it is troubleſome to ſtifle and " conceal.

" *Secondly*, to vex and afflict their enemies, " with *greater hopes* of IMPUNITY, than they " could reaſonably entertain, if they did them

" any

" any more ſubſtantial miſchief, which *the law*
" *would revenge*; but this never comes to be a
" cuſtom, nor is thought of, before language is
" arrived at great perfection, and ſociety carried
" to ſome degree of politeneſs.

" **** It is merry enough to aſſert, that ſcur-
" rility is the effect of politeneſs.

" **** You ſhall call it what you pleaſe; but
" in its original, it is a plain ſhift *to avoid fight-*
" *ing*, and the ill conſequences of it; for *nobody*
" *ever called another rogue or raſcal, but he would*
" *have ſtruck him*, if it had been in his own power,
" and *himſelf had not been withheld by the* FEAR
" OF SOMETHING OR OTHER; therefore, when peo-
" ple call names, without doing further injury, it
" is a ſign, not only that they *have wholeſome laws*
" *among them* againſt open force and violence, but
" likewiſe that they obey and ſtand in awe of
" them;—and a man begins to be a *tolerable ſub-*
" *ject*, and is nigh half civilized, that in his paſ-
" ſion will take up and content himſelf with this
" PAULTRY EQUIVALENT, which never was done
" without *great ſelf-denial* at firſt;—for otherwiſe
" the obvious, ready, and unſtudied manner of
" venting and expreſſing anger, which *nature*
" *teaches*, is the ſame in human creatures as it is
" in other animals *."

* *Viz.* Scratching, biting, tearing, &c. &c.—See Dialogues between Cleomenes and Horatio.

So

So that you ſee, if the warriors had not called names, and ſhewn their regard to law by this *paultry equivalent* for ſtabbing or knocking down, it would have been worſe for you, and proved that the times were uncivilized, or that law had loſt its force.

My concluſion therefore is, and it follows logically from theſe premiſes, that the perſons whom Serjeant Smith reprobates for calling names, prove, by that very circumſtance, that they were poliſhed gentlemen and good ſubjects.

It is a great ſatisfaction to me thus to have cleared them from all imputations of an unfavourable nature. I wiſh all the belligerent powers would be ſatisfied with calling names, and thus proving themſelves civilized and good citizens. *Banditti*, *Carmagnols*, *Sans Culottes*, *Jacobins*, which ſupply our newſpapers with ſuch choice of elegant appellations, according to this theory, do infinite honour to a great, an enlightened, a philoſophic and generous nation, whoſe hired journaliſts make daily uſe of them. No leſs honour do the terms *Scoundrel*, *Raſcal*, and *Democrat*, do the individuals who apply them liberally to their ſuppoſed enemies. They prove, that men who have no other fear, have at leaſt the fear of the law before their eyes; and that they dare not do the cruel things their paſſions prompt them to, under our excellent Conſtitution. In the ſavage

iſlands

iſlands of the South Seas, they do not, I dare ſay, *call names*, but come behind a *Scoundrel*, a *Raſcal*, and a *Democrat* with a *Patoo-Patoo*, and cleave his ſkull without ceremony. I am, Sir, Yours,

PATTY POISSARDE.

BILLINGSGATE,
Dec. 13, 1793.

P. S. Freſh fiſh every day. Come and buy ſome; and you ſhall hear how civilized and poliſhed we are in the market. I learned to *indite* at the *boarding-ſchool*. Is it not a ſhame that ſuch *low creatures* ſhould have *larning?*

N° XIII.

Sir,

As you have ſhewn a moſt unreaſonable diſlike to war and deſpotiſm, I ſend you an account of one of the moſt celebrated warriors and auguſt Princes of modern times, hoping that it will, if duly conſidered, induce you to alter your opinion. After reading it, I have no doubt but you will preach *paſſive obedience*, *non-reſiſtance*, *divine right*, and the RIGHTEOUSNESS OF WAR. I met with it in an anonymous *Treatiſe on War*, publiſhed twenty or thirty years ago, and I tranſcribe it in order to make you a proſelyte to the doctrine of

Extermination, and other opinions now becoming fashionable.

"Louis the XIVth, for above *fifty years*, was the grand disturber and *incendiary* of Europe. When about twenty-two years of age, he was left by his prime minister in peace with all the world; and soon became so potent and formidable, that he had nothing to fear from the nations round about him. Notwithstanding which, neither the luxurious pleasures of his court, though indulged to the greatest height, nor the charms of a young and beautiful wife, to whom he was just married, nor the more prevailing charms of variety of mistresses, could withhold him from the most eager and extravagant pursuits of AMBITION.

"Upon a *frivolous pretence*, he first began a war against his queen's brother, the king of Spain, whom he very unjustly deprived of part of his dominions. He then, *without the least provocation*, fell upon the Dutch, who were, as they styled themselves, the ancient and faithful allies of France, and had just mediated a peace between him and Spain. When these poor people, who were in no condition to resist his power, suspected that his vast preparations of war were designed against them, they made the most humble remonstrances, submissions, and supplications, to avert the danger; but to no purpose, for Louis had determined their destruction, and had undoubtedly effected it, if at one critical

time his officers had not failed in point of diligence, and at another, the ice been diſſolved by a ſudden thaw. And if he had ſucceeded in this ambitious and cruel project, what had been the conſequence? The pillage, depopulation, and utter deſtruction of this country, ſo remarkable for *liberty and induſtry*, and the richeſt in the world for its extent: the very land itſelf, as Voltaire obſerves, when quitted by its inhabitants, would ſoon have been overwhelmed by the ſea, and nothing left to Louis the XIVth but the DEPLORABLE GLORY (*gloire deplorable*, as Voltaire expreſſes it) of having deſtroyed the moſt ſingular and fineſt monument of human induſtry. However, before his armies left this country, they committed ſuch terrible outrages and cruelties, as are ſtill remembered there with horror, and, it may be hoped, will never be forgotten.

"It was not only in Holland, where at that time this prince ſcattered deſolation and deſtruction: Alſace, Lorraine, and the Palatinate, fine countries, abounding with *rich cities* and towns, and *pleaſant villages*, were likewiſe deſtroyed by his armies, with fire and ſword. The Elector Palatine, particularly, from the *ſummit of his palace*, beheld TWO OF HIS TOWNS AND TWENTY-FIVE VILLAGES IN FLAMES. (*Le Siècle de Louis XIV.* t. i. p. 205.)

"But this was not, by far, the worſt. Some years after, as Voltaire ſays, Louis, from his palace

of

of Verſailles, where he was enjoying himſelf in the midſt of his pleaſures, ſent an order to his generals to make a deſart of this fine country, the Palatinate. Accordingly, *in the depth of winter*, the inhabitants of all the cities, towns, and villages, and the owners of more than fifty noblemens and gentlemens ſeats, *were driven out of their habitations*, which the *ſoldiers* had orders to *ſet on fire*. Men, *women*, *old people*, and *children*, fled in a hurry. Some wandered about the fields in the utmoſt diſtreſs; others took refuge in the neighbouring countries, whilſt the *ſoldiers ſacked and burned all the country*. They began with Manheim, the reſidence of the Electors; their palaces were deſtroyed, as well as the houſes of the citizens; their *tombs were broken open by the rapacious ſoldiers*, who hoped to find treaſures in them, and their aſhes were ſcattered about. This, adds Voltaire, was the *ſecond time* that this fine country was deſtroyed by Louis XIV.; but the flames with which *Turenne* had burned two cities and twenty-five villages of the Palatinate, were but ſparks in compariſon to this conflagration. And what ſtill aggravated theſe cruelties was, that the Elector Palatine, whoſe country Louis commanded in ſuch a barbarous manner to be deſtroyed, *had committed no crime*, but *having done his duty* in uniting with the reſt of Germany againſt France.

"His most Christian Majesty, not contented ſo inhumanly to ſpoil and ravage his neighbours

territories, and deprive them of their dominions, prevailed upon THE TURKS to enter CHRISTENDOM with an army of two hundred thouſand men, and to become his co-adjutors in rapine, ſlaughter, and deſtruction. As this prince's hand was thus againſt all his neighbours, he at length united many of them againſt himſelf; and by that means his pride was at laſt much humbled; ſo his power might have been in ſuch a manner reduced, had not ſome unhappy incidents intervened, as would, for one century at leaſt, have delivered Europe from the inſults of France.

" Although the reign of Louis XIV. was a long-continued ſcene of tyranny, oppreſſion, and cruelty, reſpecting not only his neighbours, but his own ſubjects alſo, many of whom he dragooned, impriſoned, baniſhed, ſent to the gallies, and put to death for their religion; yet ſuch was *the* GLARE *of* ſome of his actions, particularly his victories, that the *people were ſo blinded and infatuated*, as to beſtow on him the HIGHEST ENCOMIUMS, and moſt fulſome panegyrics*; which, if he had been a man of

* To give one inſtance of theſe, out of a multitude which might be given:—M. Daucourt, in a ſpeech he made at his admittance into the French Academy, on the 19th of Nov. 1683, makes the compliment to the king, on the ſurrender of the city of Straſburg.—" *Louis a dit, que Straſburg ſe ſou-*
" *mette; et Straſburg s'eſt ſoumis. Puiſſance plus qu' hu-*
" *maine, et qui ne peut être comparée qu' à celle qui, en*
" *creant le monde, a dit, 'Que la lumiere ſoit faite,' et la*
" *lumiere*

of thorough good ſenſe, he would have *nauſeated*; but, to ſpeak the truth, it may be juſtly ſaid, that he was A CONQUEROR WITHOUT PERSONAL COURAGE; A PATRON OF ARTS WITHOUT TASTE, OF SCIENCES, WITHOUT LITERATURE; A RELIGIONIST WITHOUT PIETY; and a MOST CHRISTIAN KING WITHOUT HUMANITY. This prince's want of PERSONAL COURAGE was evident; for notwithſtanding he frequently appeared with *great pomp at the head of his armies*, and was preſent at ſeveral ſieges, where he might be *in little or no danger*, yet *he never was in one battle*, and carefully avoided being in an engagement; for whenever there was a likelihood of the army he commanded coming to a general action, he either took meaſures to prevent it, or, though in the midſt of a campaign, *galloped away* to his ladies at *Verſailles*. Biſhop Burnet, in the Hiſtory of his own Times, vol. i. p. 404, 405. gives a remarkable inſtance, which he had from Marſhal Schomberg, relating to Louis's fear of being in a battle; and that account is in a great meaſure verified by the Marquis de la Farre, in his Memoirs of this king's reign.

"*lumiere fut fait.*"—*Id eſt*; "Louis ſaid, let Straſburg ſubmit, and Straſburg ſubmitted. A power more than human, and to be compared to that alone, which at the creation of the world ſaid, 'Let there be light,' and there was light." KEYSLER's Travels, vol. i. p. 128.

"As

" As to his LEARNING—he was ſo *illiterate*, that it has been affirmed that he ſpoke *his own language incorrectly*, and *wrote it much worſe*. Voltaire, who is far from exaggerating this prince's faults or defects, regrets his want of literature, and acknowledges that his preceptor, though an able and amiable perſon, could hardly get him *to learn any thing*. ' It was,' adds that author, ' much to be wiſhed, that he could have been inſtructed in hiſtory, and above all in modern hiſtory; but uſeleſs romances, as they deſcribed gallantry and heroiſm, and ſecretly flattered his character, pleaſed him moſt.' His knowledge of the ſcriptures ſeems not to have exceeded his acquaintance with hiſtory; for Louis uſing ſome endeavours to perſuade the Marquis de Queſne, a firm proteſtant, to change his religion in his old age, he frankly anſwered; " *Sire, j'ai rendu aſſez long temps a Cæſar ce qui eſt* " *dû à Cæſar; il eſt temps, que je rende auſſi au Dieu* " *ce qui lui eſt dû.*"—*i. e.* " I have long enough " been rendering to Cæſar the things which are " Cæſar's; it is now time for me to render to God " what is due to him." So little did the king underſtand this, that, turning to the by-ſtanders, he ſaid; " *Eſt ce que la tête tourne a cet homme?* " *veut il ſervir l'Empereur?*"—*i. e.* " Is the man " out of his mind? would he ſerve the Emperor?"

" One cannot, without a mixture of indignation, contempt, and pity, obſerve that *ſuch ambitious, cruel*

cruel WRETCHES, ſuch MADMEN as we have been ſpeaking of, ſhould be able to trail at their heels *vaſt numbers of men*, through ſo many hardſhips, and ſometimes remote parts of the world, only to *gratify their own ambition*; and that for this purpoſe, thoſe who compoſe oppoſite armies, though for the moſt part perfect ſtrangers, and without perſonal diſlike or quarrel, ſhould nevertheleſs meet with a determined reſolution to deſtroy and *murder* one another, and accordingly perform this inhuman, *butcherly* work, with all the rage and fury imaginable!" Yours,

PTOLEMY MISADELPHOS.

PETTY-FRANCE,
Dec. 15, 1793.

P. S. Read the titles of Cæſar's Commentaries —De *Bello* Gallico—De *Bello* Hiſpanienſi—De *Bello* Africano—De *Bello* Civili—De *Bello*, &c. then read HOWARD's *Commentaries*.

"If the people have no real intereſt (ſays one) in the quarrels of their princes, as it is certain they very ſeldom have, it would be highly reaſonable that the princes only ſhould fight." Let a ſtage be erected—bottleholders appointed—and Alexander and Darius—Cæſar and Pompey—have it out in a few good rounds at fiſty-cuffs.

"Henry the Fifth, ſoon after he arrived in France, to aſſert and maintain his right to the crown of that kingdom, ſent a letter to the dauphin, in which

which he challenged him to ſingle combat, that ſo, as he expreſſed it, the lives of many men might be ſpared, and the quarrel between them two honourably fought and decided by themſelves!

CÆSAR ſlew in battle—one million one hundred ninety-two thouſand men, beſides thoſe ſlaughtered in the *civil* wars!—"JOY TO GREAT CÆSAR!—"Huzza!" cry the ſurvivors.

Alexander butchered about the ſame number.—"Sound the trumpet; beat the drum!—Cæſar "and Alexander for EVER!—Huzza! Huzza!" ſhouts all GOTHAM.

Go thou, and do likewiſe—ſays the DESPOT:—You ſhall have a new coat of arms, titles, and pretty ribbands—ſo you ſhall.—Hail thou PATER PATRIÆ—thou DELICIÆ *humani generis!* "GLO-"RY BE TO THEE IN THE HIGHEST."

N° XIV.

Sir,

You ſeem at a loſs to account for the offence taken on a late occaſion. I can aſſign a reaſon for it. You expreſſed too much feeling for the *poor fellows* that have fallen in the *field of battle*.

I will give you a ſpecimen of the manner in which you OUGHT to have treated the ſubject.

heard a PRODIGIOUSLY GREAT MAN INDEED ſay, when news was brought of a ſignal defeat—" Well, " what of that? *there are only three or four hun-* " *dred more* SENT TO HELL IN A HURRY."

Now this was a truly religious ſpeech: firſt, it evidently implies a belief in a *future ſtate*; ſecondly, it diſplays a *pious reſignation*.

I paſs over its elegant *claſſicality*; but yet I cannot help recollecting that it is a parallel paſſage to Homer's:

Πολλους δ' ιφθιμους ψυχας αιδι προϊαψεν.

He ſent the brave fellows to hell in a hurry.

NEW VERSION.

If any *noble* blood had been ſpilt, you might have made a *funeral oration*, and been honoured perhaps with a *chaplaincy* in time; or if a great officer had been wounded in his little finger, you might have inſerted a pathetic *epiphonema* in your ſermon: but to make ſuch a fuſs about John Thomſon, Henry Jenkings, Samuel Jones, Jaſper Brown, Caleb White, and ſuch poor devils, was moſt *provoking* and unprecedented. Look at all the *funeral orations*, you will find that they were made on great men, whoſe ſurviving friends could *remunerate* the orator. But what good could the aboveſaid John Thomſon, Henry Jenkings, &c. even if they amounted to *many thouſands*, do you, by their heirs, aſſigns, or executors?—*Cui bono?*

You ſhould have had a leſſon, *de arte concionandi*, of ſome *great man*, who views the calamities which affect *weak people*, with *ſtoical apathy*, and proves himſelf a *practical philoſopher*.

I am, Sir, yours,

BRIGHTON, *Jan.* 2, 1794. An Admirer of the *Church Military*.

N° XV.

Sir,

I THINK your correſpondents treat your aſſailants or their confederates *very freely*. I was *half* angry; but when, on the other hand, I conſider that your aſſailants treated *you* like a PICKPOCKET —paid no reſpect to the *ladies*, but uſed, *in their preſence*, the *vulgareſt language*, *ſwore the moſt horrid oaths*, and, in SERIOUS malice, poured forth a torrent of the FOULEST abuſe—I cannot ſay but I excuſe your correſpondents the retaliation of a little good-humoured *badinage*: your *foul-mouthed* aggreſſors cannot complain of *abuſe*, unleſs the *pot* ſhould call the *kettle black* —! There is no great harm, methinks, in parrying the thruſt of a ſword with the tickling of a feather. They intended a *tragedy* for *you*, and your friends treat them in return with a COMEDY. They wiſhed to make you *weep*, but you *perverſely* will only LAUGH!

Pride and Puppyiſm are, I hear, very wrathful, becauſe they are *laughed at* in your Appendix; but when

when I weigh *their* GRAVE MALICE and ill-natured *vulgariſm* in the ſcales, againſt your correſpondents *imitative pleaſantry*, I cannot help thinking your correſpondents might have repaid them in fuller WEIGHT without injuſtice.

Let all who are diſpoſed to be CHOLERIC at the good-humoured ſatire of theſe letters, conſider duly the PROVOCATION, and make the CASE THEIR OWN, as I did; otherwiſe I ſhould have been ANGRY.

STOCK-EXCHANGE, *Jan.* 2, 1794. I am yours, &c. MOSES MEEKMAN.

P. S. It would not be amiſs another time, before you preach *peace*, to conſider how the FUNDS MAY BE AFFECTED. The ſtocks are the pulſe of the nation—WE conſider *ſlaughter*, and all thoſe *terrible* things you talked of in your ſermon,—as they affect conſols, ſcrip, &c.—We ſhall give the cauſe againſt you, if you recommend peace, when *war* would be evidently more *advantageous*—loans, BONUSSES, &c. being duly taken into conſideration.—Remember the PULPIT ought to be a STATE ENGINE.

N° XVI.

Sir,

I HAVE juſt *ſhot a lie flying*, and ſend it you incloſed.

A pragmatical little fellow *depoſed* before me in a large company, that "*when you had half finiſhed* "*your diſcourſe, you perceived the officers beginning* "*to grow tumultuous, and immediately ſhut your* "*ſermon book, turned to the ſaid officers, and* "*pointed at them a long, a vehement, and extem-* "*pore philippic or invective.*" Such was the lie.

I contradicted him immediately, and offered to bring *poſitive proof*, which I was enabled by you to do, that the whole of your ſermon was *written*; that you preached it from beginning to end *from your book*; that you did not ſhut your book till the end of it; and that *not one ſyllable* was addreſſed in *particular* to the *officers*. I have heard you *often* declare this; and there are many *living witneſſes* to prove it. You have alſo *affirmed*, in the ſolemneſt manner, that you did *not perceive* any officer or any one elſe to be in the leaſt diſpleaſed while you were delivering your ſermon. The LIAR, it ſeems, had no proof but HEARSAY.

The ſhooting of *lies* is like cutting off the heads of the hydra. *Uno adempto non deficit alter.* However, I ſhall always endeavour to *hit* them whenever

ever I can get *ſight* of them. The worſt of it is, they uſually fly about, like owls and bats, in the dark.

Yours, &c.

ITHURIEL.

INDIA-HOUSE,
Jan. 4, 1794.

P. S. This *inventor of lies* aſſerts, that your ſermon was full of treaſon; but, upon inquiry, I found he was *notorious* for falſehood and malevolence, and that what he ſaid was no ſcandal. So I ſhall not waſte *powder and ſhot* upon his lies.

N° XVII.

Sir,

I AM very angry; very angry indeed. In the newſpaper account of the Brighton outrage, I read that *military* men did ſo and ſo. *Military* men! *military* men, *Sir!* I tell you it is not true, Sir. Depend upon it—they were foxhunters in red coats, with a pack of puppies yelping at their heels; but no *military* men. WE, Sir, know better. There is not a ſet of more generous men on God's earth than the military. I, for my part, would as ſoon attack my own father and mother, as inſult a woman, or threaten a clergyman, eſpecially when I was *armed*, aſſiſted with a numerous body,

body, and perſonally unprovoked. Blood and oons, Sir! I tell you once more, the military are incapable of ſuch an action. You do not know the names or qualities of the party concerned; therefore you *may* be, and I ſay you *muſt* be, miſtaken in thinking they were of the military order. A red coat don't make a ſoldier. A title is one thing, and honour another. I am only a SERJEANT, God knows; but I have got many an honourable ſcar, fighting face to face, in the field of battle. No man can ſay I ever thought my red coat and ſword *privileged* me to affront women and children; and as to *calling names*, d—n me, (God forgive me for ſwearing;) but ſooner than ſpit my ſpite by calling names, I would pull off my regimentals, and put on petticoats.

I am clear no military men were concerned, I wanted to ſet you right. So begging your honour's pardon for this freedom, I remain, Sir,

Your humble ſervant,

JOHN SMITH,

A Serjeant in the Regulars,

STRAND, LONDON,

Sept. 20, 1793.

THE END.

BRITISH MUSEUM 12 FE 80